



A RUN THROUGH CANADA.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR :

HISTORY OF NAIKNSHIRE.

LIFE OF LORD BRODIE (THE PURITAN).

RAMBLES IN HOLLAND.

*From the Author*  
*SS*

**A Run**

**Through Canada.**



N A I R N :

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### I.

#### CROSSING THE ATLANTIC.

**A**N experienced traveller will probably regard any description of crossing the Atlantic as superfluous.

It is a beaten track—thousands of people are traversing it every day in one or other of the vessels of the numerous lines which ply on the great ocean ferry. But those who have not made the trip, and especially those who may be meditating making it some day, will not perhaps take the same view of the observations of one who has just crossed for the first time.

We started from Liverpool on Tuesday, the 20th June, 1905. The ship lay off in the middle of the river—passengers of the second and third class being conveyed by steam tender at different hours in the morning. The saloon passengers have the privilege of coming on board at a later hour in the afternoon, by which time the vessel is alongside the landing stage. The object in keeping the vessel in the river is in order that the Board of Trade may see and be satisfied that she is seaworthy. The crew, the stewards, even the stewardesses and the cabin boys, are all mustered in a row for inspection. The Board of Trade officer orders a lifeboat or two to be launched, just to test the preparedness for action, and drills the crew in working the fire extinguishers. I had the opportunity given me of going on board with the second cabin passengers—two or three

hundred of them, all a most respectable class of people, comfortably clad and well provided for the voyage. Most of them were home-seekers ; a few were Canadians returning to the homes they had already made in the Dominion ; two-thirds were English, and the other third made up of Scotch people and some Dutch. One was struck with the number of children on board—they swarmed all over the maindeck, and those who could toddle about speedily became a source of anxiety to their mothers by the daring manner in which they explored the ship, especially their propensity for getting into dangerous places. Just to give a general idea of the class who are travelling second cabin, one may note as typical a well-dressed lady, with her two sons still wearing the caps of an English public school, evidently going out to join a father already in Canada. You can easily pick out half-a-dozen or more men who belong to the commercial class, who have also been out before ; but the mass of those who are emigrating are undoubtedly agriculturists—true home-seekers. This remark applies to the steerage passengers as well. They are not so well clad, as a rule, as those in the second class, but even the poorest looking of them are respectable in appearance.

Intermediate and steerage passengers alike have to pass the medical officer. As he comes along he glances at each person, stops and talks for a little with any sickly-looking individual, but as far as I saw he challenged no one. The whole thing is over in a few minutes, and the passengers betake themselves to their state-rooms to dispose of their necessities for the voyage. Just about the time the saloon passengers were coming on board, I noticed one of the officers peering underneath a fold of the canvas cover of one of the ship's boats. Presently he undid the lashings, and pulled out a little urchin, with face black with coal-dust, who had stowed himself away in the hope of getting a free passage across. Getting the scent, the officer relentlessly examined each boat, with the result that he discovered four stowaways. Poor boys, they had good faces, all but one ; and if they had succeeded in escaping from their surroundings and getting settled in Canada, who knows but that they might become useful citizens ? As soon as the saloon

passengers had passed up the gangway, the four boys descended in charge of a policeman on their way to the police station, and in all likelihood to a life of crime.

We all soon get settled down, and our ship is going down the Mersey at a good rate. The saloon passengers are a very nice class of people—a considerable number being Canadians returning, a young couple newly married going out to the Yukon Valley, a young lad who had been at Eton with some of one's acquaintances is going to Southern Assiniboia to cattle ranching, and so on. The majority are officials returning to their posts on the railway or other industrial works, with a sprinkling of business men—a very pleasant company, indeed, and all enthusiastic believers in Canada and its resources.

The Atlantic was not in its best mood from the very first, and as the days pass its temper does not improve. Without being positively rough, the wind is cold, at times bitterly cold, the sky, when visible, grey, and the sea of a dull, leaden hue, except when the waves are crested with white horses, or churned into spots of pale green by the ship's propeller. The outlook is bleak enough at times, and the horizon unrelieved by a single sail. Twice a passing steamer came within hail—the one was the sister ship, the *Lake Champlain*, which we met the second day out, the other was the *Allan Line Virginian*. We took the northern course, going round the north of Ireland, calling off Moville, and then heading south-west until we reach the coast of Newfoundland. Fogs and rain were not absent, but the general weather was cold, dry, and grey. One becomes used to it, and gets really to enjoy it. From morning till night there need not be a dull hour. On deck games are in progress; in the library there is music and reading, and in the smoking-room there is cheerful chat. The "*Lake Manitoba*," by which we are sailing, is the largest of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company's steamers, being a vessel of nearly ten thousand tons, and is acknowledged to be one of the most comfortable boats on the North Atlantic. If one were in a hurry, one would not select her, for her speed is not equal to the fast greyhounds of some other lines; but for comfort she is everything that



could be desired ; and Captain Murray, her commander, and every officer and attendant on board most courteous and kind. On Sunday there was divine service in the dining saloon. It was gladdening to see so many of the passengers in the other divisions of the ship attending. The Captain read the service of the Church of England for the day, assisted by the Purser, who read the portions of Scripture, and a young lady led the praise on the harmonium. With the long-rolling waves of the Atlantic racing past the port lights, and the ship heaving and pitching with the swell, it was a fine sight to see a company of men and women, who had never met before, joining in the hymns of praise and the prayers of thanksgiving to the Almighty for his mercies in common.

A week out and we are among the icebergs, at least they are visible from the ship's deck. The first seen in the morning was very striking. We sailed within a few hundred yards of it. It consisted of two pinnacles of ice, sharply defined against the sky. The second was sighted after breakfast. It looked like two low islands, covered with a fresh coating of snow. By noon we have two more in sight. The largest looks like a gigantic hulk, with great bends of canvas hanging loosely ; as it passes astern about three miles off, it assumes the form of a huge tent of the marquee shape—an ark of ice drifting southward to its fate. A still larger one looms up ahead. It must be more than a mile in length, and two or three hundred feet in height—that is, above the water's edge. We are in the neighbourhood of Newfoundland. It is darkening. The proverbial Newfoundland fog comes away. It thickens into drizzling rain. Dinner is over, and the music-room and smoking-room are occupied by their respective habitues. Without are darkness and dashing rain, within brightness and gaiety. Suddenly every one is startled by hearing the fog-horn of a ship close to, answering our syren. We rush on deck. Our watchful captain has discerned the danger in time. We clear, and no accident occurs.

It is morning, and the fog has cleared—and there is the land in sight. We have crossed the Atlantic. The previous night we were off Cape Ray, but did not see it.

Now we have a lovely view of St Pierre, with its lighthouse on the top of the cliff, and its church at the foot. An hour later and we are passing the island of Miquelon—the two islands together being the most exact representation of the Cromarty Firth and the Black Isle it is possible to imagine, only their slopes lack the matchless colouring of the Ross-shire hills. The sunshine welcomes us up the Straits, and next morning we enter the St Lawrence.

Coming up the Gulf of St Lawrence, it is difficult to say where the river begins and the sea ends. The mouth is ocean wide. It is a magnificent approach to a great country. Happily, the channel is not in the middle of the stream, otherwise we should see neither shore. It runs for the most part parallel with the high land on the right bank, that is, on our left going up, and at no great distance from the shore. A panorama of wonderful beauty passes before one. First, we have a series of little fishing hamlets, all in a row on the flat shore at the foot of the hills, the wooden houses appearing in the distance like so many white dots on the golden-green turf. When we come opposite, we perceive from the deck of the steamer that each house has a separate patch of land—they are French-Canadian crofter-fishermen. Further on, the heavily-wooded cliff comes to the water-edge, leaving no land margin, but as we proceed we open out innumerable little villages in coves or indentations in the coast line, no longer fishing huts, but pretty cottages with roofs painted brown or red. The industry is evidently wood-cutting, or lumbering as the Canadians call it, and the material lies at hand in the dense forest which clothes the hill-sides and even caps the mountain summits behind.

It is a church festival—St Peter's or St John's Day—and as they are all devoted Catholics, the holiday is being observed ashore, with flags and bunting displayed. The church, built of brick and red-roofed, usually forms a conspicuous and charming adjunct at one end of the little settlement. The inhabitants are, we understand, exclusively French Canadians.

Everybody on board now revels in the brilliant sunshine, and every fresh point opened up in the coast line claims

attention. It is a perfectly lovely scene. But in the brightest picture of human enjoyment, how often does the shadow of sorrow lurk? It is five o'clock in the afternoon. We are in mid-stream, almost out of sight of land for the time. The throb of the engine ceases, the great ship becomes motionless. The captain passes aft along the main deck with the cabin boy carrying a book. He is followed by several of his officers, including the doctor, and presently a boat's crew drawn from the watch on deck march forward. They have assembled to perform the last offices to a steerage passenger, who had died from failure of the heart that morning. The burial service for use at sea is read, the plank is raised, and the body consigned to the deep. A little pause and all is over. The engines go full steam ahead, and passengers fore and aft and middle resume their occupations, albeit saddened by the thought that one who began the voyage with them was not permitted to see it end. The vision of the evening was one never to be forgotten. Canada is sometimes called the Land of the Setting Sun. The radiance and glory of the sun as it sets behind a few fleecy clouds just above the horizon was superlatively grand—an incomparable spectacle of celestial beauty and effulgence. And the afterglow, which continued far into the night, was no less entrancing. It was a touch of real dramatic feeling that led the steerage passengers to break forth in a chorus of praise with the old hymn "The Sands of Time are Sinking."

In the morning, we have now land on both sides of the river, and the interest increases. We are evidently in a farming district, with here and there handsome houses in midst of less pretentious but comfortable dwellings. The houses are all the colours of the rainbow, but never gaudy nor in bad taste. All the same, the feeling one accustomed to substantial stone buildings has is that these wooden houses, however prettily decorated, partake somewhat of the character of dolls' houses. One of the features of the upper reaches of the St Lawrence as it approaches Quebec is the occurrence of islands—emerald islands they are in truth. The first largest is the quarantine station. The inspecting officer came off in a little

tug, and made a very elaborate inspection. All the ordinary passengers were confined to their rooms, and then taken out one by one to be examined by the doctor. The crew and even the firemen had to pass. It delayed us a good couple of hours, and everyone was glad to see the doctor leave for his island home. As we approach Quebec we have the large Isle of Orleans on the right. Here, and indeed all the way up to Quebec and from Quebec to Montreal, the steamer frequently comes so near the land that one could throw a biscuit on shore. The work-people salute the steamer as we pass them. Two men and a girl "shooting" bales of compressed hay into a craft at the foot of their garden suspend their work for the moment. A couple of horses on the other side of the river try a race with the steamer, and now that the mountains have receded almost out of sight, our course is for miles at a time through green fields and fruit farms—the interest culminating as the quaint port of Quebec comes in sight.

If the crossing of the Atlantic was somewhat bleak, the sailing up the St Lawrence was brilliant in the extreme. It was worth coming all the way to experience. The last three days on board were greatly enjoyed by all, and the saloon passengers at least were sorry when they had to leave. Except in the matter of speed, the "Lake Manitoba" proved a splendid boat, and the cuisine equal if not superior to the best of the Atlantic liners. Our voyage ended happily on Dominion Day.

## II.

### QUEBEC, MONTREAL, AND OTTAWA.

WE got two hours ashore at Quebec, and lost no time in turning them to account. For half the time we strolled amongst the quaint old quarters of Lower Quebec, seeing the buildings associated with events in the history of the city and the life of the days of yore. So little has the aspect of the streets and houses changed, and so slight has there been any alteration in the manners and dress of the old French habitant, that one has the feeling that we are passing through a bit of mediæval Europe, preserved intact on this rock. Quebec, as all the world knows, was the outpost of European civilisation on this great American continent, and became the scene and centre of many a fierce fight between contending forces. The old city walls, the narrow streets with wooden pavement, the quaintly-built houses with outside shutters and casement windows, the funny old-world looking sign-boards with announcements first in French and then in English, and a great many other things besides, attract, amuse, and interest the stranger. But, of course, we had to make our way to the famous Citadel and the Heights of Abraham. A grand C.P.R. hotel now occupies the old site and part of the Chateau Frontenac on the eastern corner of the Dufferin Terrace. Probably no hotel in the world occupies so picturesque a position. Some of our party visited it, and declared that the rooms are the finest they had ever seen. We go along the Dufferin Esplanade on top of the cliff. It is paved with wooden sleepers like a pier. People are coming out for the evening, most of them without hats or caps, waiting for the band performance which is about to begin. There are chairs and seats every-

where, commanding magnificent views of the St Lawrence and the St Charles, two great rivers, at the junction of which Quebec stands—on a rock like Gibraltar. In a prominent position is a very handsome monument (of the subject order) to Champlain, the founder of the first French Colony; while not far off is a simple obelisk to Wolfe and Montcalm. A separate monument—a rounded pillar with capitals—marks the spot where Wolfe fell in the moment of victory. We mount long flights of wooden steps, having, however, the merit of the easy pitch of a modern drawing-room stair, and we reach the top, which Wolfe and his Highlanders were first to scale. The view is exceedingly grand. The great ocean liners away down below appear no bigger than cock-boats. One is somehow reminded of the Castlehill at Inverness, save that the Heights of Abraham are loftier and more extensive, and the waterways, of course, transcend all home comparisons in their grandeur. The points of the battlefield are easily picked up, and one has no difficulty in understanding the struggle which ended in favour of the British. We cross the very spot where, we believe, young Simon Fraser of Inverallochy fell—he whose elder brother Wolfe refused to shoot at Culloden Moor, telling General Hawley who ordered him—“I am a soldier, not an executioner, sire!” and some of the earth-works crop up, behind which the French soldiers took cover from the hot rifle fire of the British, and had to be dislodged at the point of the bayonet by the Highlanders, who rushed the position. A golf course has been laid out on the historical battlefield, which is said by the Quebec people to be the best on the American continent. The grass struck me as a trifle long, even on the putting greens. The one thing that made an unfavourable impression was the untidiness of the lawns and turf-plots all over Quebec. We can only scan the Parliamentary Buildings, the Laval University, the English Cathedral, and other places of note. Our time is running down, and we take a caleche and drive back to the ship. As the steamer moves noiselessly away for Montreal, a thousand fairy lights twinkle from the foot of the cliff to the crown of the Citadel, completing the witchery of the scene. The steerage passengers, as is the

custom, went ashore on arrival at Quebec, and are now speeding along the railway to their destinations.

Montreal was reached in the afternoon of the following day. Queenly Montreal was a little unkind to us at the beginning. A slight haze hid her beauty. Heavy clouds enveloped Mount Royal. But nothing could mar the picturesqueness of her natural situation—on an island between two great rivers—the St Lawrence and Ottawa. The prosaic but necessary duties of the traveller in seeing to his luggage, getting it ashore, and passing it through the Customs, absorb during the hour of arrival their attention. The Customs officer puts us to no trouble when informed that we were merely taking a run through Canada. One finds the advantage of one's name being high up in alphabetical order in the Customs, for we get off amongst the first.

In the evening it rained heavily, and the Sunday intervening, one did not see as much of Montreal as we could have wished, and decided to spend a day or two in it on the return journey. Any particular description may be reserved till then. It is a beautiful city, full of interest and picturesqueness at every turn. No city on the American continent has so many churches, the majority being Roman Catholic. All Sunday the air is filled with the chimes of bells. But the Church of England, the Presbyterian, and Methodist Churches appear to vie with each other in the character of their buildings. I looked in at the Young Men's Christian Association and heard a layman conduct a Bible Class of sixty or eighty young men with great ability. Although there is a large French population, probably about one-half, still the English element predominates. The French live apart, and are unprogressive. The enterprise and energy are exclusively British—strictly speaking, we should say Scottish—for the number of Scotchmen who are leaders of all work and business is quite remarkable. Through the kindness of Mr N. Macnaughton, who will be remembered in Nairn, as will also be his wife (Miss Mary Anderson, of scholastic fame in her day), I had an opportunity of seeing Montreal streets when they were fully lighted up by electricity, and

was not long in coming across a Nairnshire man in business—Mr J. W. Reid, son of the late Mr David Reid, Cawdor. Like every other Scot, he is devoted to the Dominion, at the same time retaining warm feelings of affection to the mother-country. When business is over—generally, however, at a late hour—all commercial Montreal goes up the river for boating in the summer season, and Mr Reid was hurrying up to catch the boat at 11.15 p.m.—a late hour in the old country, but in Montreal the most enjoyable time of the day, so refreshingly cool is the wind.

A run of three hours or so took us to Ottawa, the capital of the Dominion. It is a charming place. I feel quite taken by it—it is so bright and every one is so cheerful. The day was full of enjoyment. On coming off at Ottawa station, who did I run into but a Nairnshire farmer and his two sons, bound west. They had got on all right this far, and would be in Winnipeg next evening. A crowd of emigrants, not one of whom I had ever seen before, insisted on shaking hands with me on the ground that we were Scotchmen. “All on board!” shouts the conductor of the car, and they rush off, while I proceed to negotiate for the transference of my baggage.

As I have said, Ottawa is a charming place. I was fortunate in making the acquaintance of one of the members of Parliament—the member for Halifax—whose kindness was very great. He brought us over to the Parliament House, and introduced me to several of the leading Ministers. I had interviews with the Hon. Mr Oliver, Minister of the Interior; the Hon. Mr Fisher, the Minister of Agriculture; and others, with all of whom I had interesting conversations regarding Canada and its prospects. The House was sitting, and being open to the public I found a seat in one of the galleries. My friend from Halifax, who was in the body of the House, presently joined us, pointing out the more distinguished Parliamentary personages. The measure before the House was the Bill giving an independent constitution to the two new Provinces. A representative from one of these Provinces was addressing the House in regard to the electoral districts; he was somewhat prolix, and nobody appeared to be paying the least



attention to him, except Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Prime Minister, who had a map of the territory spread out before him. Sir Wilfrid Laurier enjoys immense popularity, and is one of the hardest working members of the House. Although advanced in years, he is generally the first to enter the House and the last to leave it. I had hoped to hear him reply—he is said to be one of the finest orators in the world, with a marvellous silvery voice—but the member for the West prolonged his speech beyond the limits of the time at my disposal. Under the guidance of the Halifax gentleman, we went over the library and other portions of the House, came out on the terrace, saw the lovely view of the Ottawa river, with its teeming rafts of timber and innumerable sawmills and timber yards, and returned by a circuitous path to the town. I had arranged to meet my Halifax friend again, but we missed each other. In the evening we drove for three or four miles along the Drive towards the Government Experimental Farm; but as rain came on, one had to content themselves with the view of the cattle up to their knees in luxuriant pasture, and returned, visiting by the way a Nairn family—Mr and Mrs Raitt, and getting back to the hotel about nine o'clock. Next morning I had a telephone call from Messrs Davidson & Thackeray, asking me to visit their great planing mill—the most complete factory of the kind in the Dominion. I was met by Mr Alex. Rose, son of Mr Rose, Achnatone, who is one of the principals of the firm, and was shown over the works by him. The machinery is of the most advanced and ingenious description. Work done laboriously by the hand is here accomplished by the momentary application of machinery. They use a 300-horse power steam engine for driving, and it is fed and kept going automatically by the shavings and sawdust from the various machines. Chips of wood are too valuable for fuel. The firm owns a vast tract of lumber lands, have the logs cut down in the forest, floated in rafts down the Ottawa river, and then manipulated by machinery into all sorts of articles, from the humble packing box to the finest doors and windows. Their trade consists largely in exports to Liverpool and London. Mr Rose is keenly interested in his work, but

finds time to take an active part in the Young Men's Christian Association, of which he is a prominent member. He told me that carpenters could always find work in Ottawa, and he himself could usually give a start to a deserving young man. He emphasized the fact, however, that any one who wished to get on in Canada must be steady and industrious. We enjoyed greatly our visit to this famous factory, and congratulated ourselves that Nairn men were at the head of it, for Mr Thackeray, the other active partner, whose acquaintance we made, is also connected with Nairnshire through his mother.

The beauty of the situation of Ottawa has to be seen to be realised. Its Parliamentary Buildings and great library are magnificent. The streets, with their service of electric railways, are kept in splendid order, being mainly asphalted; and the whole place has a bright, clean, and cheery aspect. Like my friend the member for Halifax, all with whom I came in contact are devoted to the British Empire, and, in fact, are much more demonstrative of their loyalty than we are accustomed to evince at home. Of all the places I have yet seen in Canada, give me Ottawa for preference. It was with regret that I could not stay another day or two; and in the afternoon we went aboard the train, as they say here, booked for Winnipeg, and for two nights and nearly two days we rushed across a new country, with very few stoppages. One of these was at North Bay, about half-past nine o'clock of the second night, and on the platform met a Nairn lady, Mrs Youngson (daughter of the late Mr Reid, of Cawdor), with whom we had a long chat. She likes her Canadian home very much, though she has at times, as she confessed, some longings for the old country. Her husband occupies an important position at North Bay in connection with the Canadian Pacific Railway, but was from home.

The railway route passes through a varied country, the distinguishing feature being lakes, rivers, and forests. The growing wood seemed more of the character of saplings, and a lumber man told me that much of it was of no commercial value, except the larch, which was manufactured into pulp. One district we passed through attracted our

notice from the evidence it presented of good cultivation. "Yes," said a travelling companion, "it is in the hands of a colony of Scotch farmers." It is not an agricultural district, however, and the train runs hundreds of miles without one seeing a single farm house. The only dwellings are near the railway stations, and are mostly the shacks of the lumbermen. One requires to come to Canada to realise the importance of the lumber trade. It is probably greater than that of agriculture itself. I travelled with two of the largest lumber merchants of the district—both were Scotchmen. One had two Indians in the train, to carry him and his little boy by canoe for four weeks on one of the rivers where his forest lands lay. Vast fortunes have been made in the lumber trade, and it is still a profitable industry. The gentleman with the canoeing Indians told me his father hailed from the neighbourhood of Inverness, but, being rather a reticent man, had seldom spoken of his ancestors—an unusual characteristic for a Highlander. Both the great lumbermen left the train a station or two beyond North Bay. I also made the acquaintance of a mining engineer—he said he had been sent to the North Bay district to investigate its iron deposits by an American syndicate, and his wife told me her husband was going to report on a marvellous vein of silver that had been discovered. It is a long ride to Winnipeg, in spite of all the comforts of the sleeping car, and the interest in the journey is broken once only—that is when we round the head of Lake Superior, come in view of Thunder Bay on its west shore—and draw up at Port Arthur—a much nicer place than Fort William—which we reach half-an-hour later. Winnipeg, which was reached at 8.30 in the morning, requires a separate description.

### III.

#### WINNIPEG.

**W**INNIPEG is a wonderful city. It has risen in a few years from the picturesque but primitive elements of a Hudson Bay trading post of one hundred inhabitants to that of a magnificent modern city of 90,000 of a population, with spacious streets, handsome buildings, and electric railways. Main Street, the principal thoroughfare, is as busy and animated as a central street in London or Edinburgh. One is struck with the noble proportions of the main line of streets and the regularity of the avenues crossing at right angles. The ground on which the great city is built is as flat as a pancake. The residential quarters are lovely. Every side path has its line of trees, and every house its strip of lawn and shady Manitoban maples. The streets for the most part are asphalted, but so rapid is the progress, or rather the rush, that the electric car enters an avenue with complete roadway and side pavements and all the other accessories of a well-formed street, and in a few moments passes into a region where the prairie grass grows luxuriantly between the two sets of electric rails, and the side paths are planks of wood, perhaps a ridge of dried mud, the funniest looking old shacks and cabins, all of them places of business with blazing sign-boards, taking the place of the stately offices and shops at the other end. The municipality has a stupendous task to keep pace with the growth of the city. You see it growing under your eyes, even if you are but a casual visitor of a few days. Some one buys a vacant lot of land near the far end of a sparsely peopled avenue, for a very moderate sum. Within a year—sometimes within a month—it rises in value ten, twenty, or forty times above what he paid for it, and it finally

passes into the hands of some person who erects a towering building in keeping with the character of the frontage at the other end of the street. In a short time, west to east, or north to south, as the case may be, a street of splendid premises, comprising an infinite variety of businesses, is completed. Naturally this gives rise to speculation. Syndicates, capitalists, traders, even working lads, invest in town lots, and as a rule make money by the speculation. The boom at times becomes sensational, to be followed by the inevitable slump; but for some few years back, the rate of building and the consequent demand for sites has kept up a steady increase in the land values of town-lots.

Next to the rapidity of the extension of the city, the feature that strikes the stranger is the cosmopolitan character of the inhabitants. Every nation and people on earth are represented in Winnipeg. The Red Indian and the dusky Kaffir, the yellow Chinaman and the bronzed Mexican, the heavy Scandinavian or Russian Pole, the perky Italian, and the melancholy Greek are all to be met with in the surging crowd in the streets of an evening, but the Anglo-Saxon race happily predominates. The shop-keepers may be, as a class, largely foreigners—although Winnipeg knows no such distinction—but the working-men and the leaders of industry are Britishers or Americans. The mayor of the city is an Irishman, but the leading merchants and constructors are Scotchmen. An English writer in one of the best modern works on Canada remarks that three Englishmen for every Scotsman come over here, but the Scotchman invariably bosses the three Englishmen! One could wish it were always true, and but for drink it could easily be made good.

The motley character of the inhabitants attracts the notice of the stranger on his arrival at the railway station, and you become conscious at once that three-fourths of the people you see there are immigrants—mostly on the lookout for employment in the country, with a substantial proportion of men and women and their families proceeding to the North West Territories to become settlers on homesteads or improved farms. They are here in Winnipeg to-day, to-morrow they are swallowed up in the vast territories

that lie beyond. At the present moment everything is in confusion outside the railway station. New railway offices are all but completed, but remnants of the transition state of things are everywhere present. From one of the finest railway halls in the world we emerge on one of the meanest streets in existence. It is but a few hundred yards, however, till we reach Main Street, with its splendid service of cars, and for five cents you can take yourself away from the eager life of the bustling throng to the quiet restfulness of the leafy suburbs.

No one passes through Canada without paying a visit to Mr Obed Smith, the Government Commissioner of Immigration. He and his staff of clerks, interpreters, and guides, are still located in the old quarters, and how they manage to get through their enormous work is a mystery. The unfailing tact and temper of the Commissioner and his staff have no doubt much to do with it. Mr Smith is the guide, philosopher, and friend of every one—be he rich or poor—his kindly interest in cases of distress is most marked. The forlorn find in him a sympathetic friend, while the pushful and self-reliant are all the better of his counsels and advice. "Where shall I go to find a suitable homestead?" hundreds ask him every day during the summer months. "Where can I get work?" is a question addressed to him from morning to night. And almost without an exception he is able to put the emigrant in the way of getting what he wants. Mr Smith is a Government official whose duty it is to give impartial advice to intending colonists, but seldom is an official found so devoted to his work and so kind and courteous to the stranger in a strange land.

There is a considerable colony of Nairn folk in Winnipeg. My first visit was paid to Mr Colin Urquhart, who occupies the responsible position of cashier in the General Offices of the Hudson Bay Company. We traversed a considerable portion of the colossal warehouse or stores of the Hudson Bay Company, divided into innumerable departments, in search of him, to find him located in the general offices behind, in the style and magnitude of a city bank at home. Mr Urquhart has been for many years in

the employment of this Company, principally at Vancouver, and the position he has attained in the Hudson Bay Company's service shows the confidence reposed in him. He does credit to the old town. We set out to look for Mr George Bowie, from Nairn, who recently came out here. His place of business is in Portage Avenue, where the hotel in which we put up happened to be in. Having exhausted the numbers of the street up to the address we had, one was inclined to despair of finding him, when a familiar voice came from a shop we had passed hailing us by name. Right glad we were to see our old friend and his son at work, and in a few minutes we were engrossed in the subject of Nairn and Nairn people, at home and in Winnipeg. Customers came and went, and nearly every one of them if not connected with Nairn or Forres or Inverness, belonged more or less directly to the north of Scotland. Mr Bowie's premises are, in fact, headquarters for the clans. We learned that Mr Bowie and his family, each and all of them, are doing well in Winnipeg, and, although retaining the most ardent affection for Nairn, they are devoted to Winnipeg. Mr Bowie mentioned that certain classes of tradesmen are in great demand in Winnipeg, especially those in his own line of business, and he could himself employ several additional hands should they turn up. Some other tradesmen may at first find a little difficulty in getting work, but if the lad's own line is for the time blocked, all that he has to do is to take the next thing that offers, whatever it may be, in Winnipeg. The easiest thing to do, it seems, is to turn carpenter, even if you have never handled a hammer or driven a nail before. It is the resort of the unemployed. Good joiners get fairly good wages, but the pay is kept down, lower even than that of most kinds of unskilled labour, by the casuals who adopt the trade as a temporary occupation. Masons and bricklayers get very good wages, but employment is not always constant. Bakers are in demand only during the summer months, as the thrifty Canadian housewives, with their mammoth stoves, bake their own bread in winter. Clerks and drapers' assistants are not wanted at all, and should not come out to Winnipeg unless they have secured

situations beforehand—and even these are not too well paid—or are prepared to take their chance of swimming in the ocean of chance labour. Mr Bowie and the friends with whom I conversed were all, however, enthusiastic about young men coming out to Winnipeg and taking their chance, if they were prepared to work hard and keep steady. One young fellow who had been some months in Winnipeg and was in employment, stated that, in his opinion, there were already plenty of hands for all the work in the city, but this opinion was vetoed as being the Trades Union view, who had an interest in keeping up wages by warning off hands. I mention it, however, as well as the more hopeful views. A young plumber, McLaughlan, from Nairn, who called for me at the hotel, and gave me a great deal of information, stated that his trade was fully occupied during the greater part of the year at good wages. He had not, however, too high an opinion of the science of plumbing in Winnipeg—a thing much to be regretted, as Winnipeg's sanitary position (on a dead flat) is anything but advantageous. Typhoid fever, which has been almost stamped out in the towns at home, takes at times an epidemic form in Winnipeg, with direful results. It is the one defect in a city which is certain to be in a very few years one of the greatest on the American continent. It has been aptly called the gateway of the North West—the chief distributing centre for the boundless territories beyond. Agriculture, let it be understood, is the main industry of these provinces, and the towns, even the largest of them, are but supply centres for the agriculturist. Merchant and tradesman alike dream of the prairies.

One requires to get off the beaten track to come across typical Canadian scenes. I had two addresses of Nairn people whom their friends at home wished me to call for. The address in both cases was Louise Bridge, Winnipeg. I had imagined that both would be in some township close to Louise Bridge, but that name turned out to be but a postal district description—the one place was some three and a half miles beyond Louise Bridge, the other some six or seven. However, it was a lovely evening when we set out on our quest. Our conductor was one of the Govern-



ment officials who lived out in the same direction, and he kindly undertook to find our friends for us. As an illustration of the character of the weather, it had been fiercely hot in Winnipeg at six o'clock, but our guide insisted on our taking wraps for the return journey—an hour later we found the good of them. The main trail or track—that is the high road—was bad enough in all conscience, but the side roads were simply awful. We had a pair of bronehos in a light "democrat," a four-wheeled carriage, and it was simply amazing to see how these docile creatures dragged through the ruts and mud-holes. Although we had got the address of our first friend defined more definitely at the Post Office, we found we were on the left side of the township, whereas, as it turned out, the house we were looking for was on the right side. Fancy a birch wood—it was really willows and poplars—planted in a morass, "profound as a Serbonian bog." Cut out passages in the plantation every fifty yards or so at right angles to each other. Stick a wooden cabin or shanty here and there along these openings among the trees. Plough a peat bog with ups and downs in it and call it a road. The bronehos, sure-footed as they are, are unequal to the task of driving along the main thoroughfare, but skilfully keep their feet on a narrow ledge of mud between two ditches—a slip and we are into one or other of the water courses. One frightful morass bars our way. Our driver, who is the most cheerful of men, negotiates it. The bronehos are floundering in the morass up to their bellies, they threaten to stick, but a word from the driver and they get out. The carriage sinks in the swamp over the axles, but a pull or two of the faithful animals extricates us. A few minutes later a passer-by informs us that we are in the wrong avenue, and must return by the way we came, including the crossing of the morass! In the North West Territories you have got to make light of all difficulties, and so, finally, we got to the house we were in search of—only to find the man from home! His wife, however, received us very gladly. We were the first visitors from home she had seen, and the first carriage that had ever driven up through the settlement. In this experience we had lighted upon a suburban town in

the course of formation. A land speculator had purchased the piece of woodland, divided it, as described, into "avenues," and was selling off the lots to working men, who were putting up their own houses. Each cut through the wood was dignified by high-sounding titles, such as "Victoria Avenue," "Windsor Street," and so forth. Although at this stage the aspect of things was far from attractive, we were assured by our driver that in a year or so, it would be a very pretty place, electrically lighted, with side pavements and passable roads, and all placed under a municipality, whose duty and interest it would be to carry out public improvements.

We had as much difficulty in getting out of as we had in getting into this new "city," but eventually we were on the track of our second address. Our driver leads us through a well-cultivated vale. It is the old township of Kildonan. A little to our left is the oldest Presbyterian Church in the country, and the lands were among the earliest settled in the Province. It is a Scotch township, which accounts for its good fences, excellent tillage, and splendid crops. The address I had was simply "Mr Hugh Mackay." Who the gentleman was I had not the remotest idea. The driver said he believed he was an old bachelor who had been a long time in the country, and (as he flicked up his bronchos) remarked that these old bachelors had a trick of going early to bed! We arrived at a nicely cultivated and enclosed place, and saw a man at work with his plough, late as it was. "Where is Hugh Mackay?" shouted our conductor to the busy cultivator. "I guess he is not far away," was the reply. We got down, and I went up to the stranger, a stalwart, powerful fellow, with some doubt as to the reception one might meet for this intrusion. "Bless me! Is this you?" he exclaimed, addressing me by my name. "Is this you, Hugh?" was all I could say. I don't know which of us was most surprised at the meeting. Hugh Mackay was an old friend of mine from Delnities, who had left Nairn some eighteen years ago, and I had never seen or heard of him since. "I promised to write you," he said, "that day when I bade you good-bye in Nairn, but never managed it, for which I was

often very sorry." "I have come for the answer, you see, I replied, "and I have got it." My friend, by sheer hard work and unrelenting industry, had prospered, as his surroundings showed. With that adaptability for which Scotchmen are famous, he had taken to cultivating market gardening produce for the citizens of Winnipeg with some success. The Red River, in swollen yellow flood, flowed at the foot of his garden, and his fruit and vegetables, grown on a black, heavy soil, were most luxuriant in appearance. Mr Mackay's sister kept house for him, and extra labour in the garden was got from a band of Galicians, as they are called, who had settled in the neighbourhood. An hour passed quickly in talk of home friends, and we bade Mr and Miss Mackay good-bye, in the hope of meeting again on my return to Winnipeg, and our bronchos were put to their fastest paces. We thought ourselves lucky to get on to Louise Bridge just before the near gate was about to close to allow the bridge to be swung clear for a passing steamer. We got across, only to find the gate closed at the other end, and so we had to wait patiently until the operation—of a somewhat tedious character—of passing the ship through had been accomplished. It was eleven o'clock by the time we got back. I had, however, seen two pictures of Canadian rural life—the New Settler and the Old Settler.

Next day being Sunday, we had intended to go to "Ralph Connor's" church, but learned he was from home, and instead went in the forenoon to Westminster, a stylish Presbyterian Church, the charge of which the Rev. Clarence Mackinnon has recently assumed, and in the evening to a large Congregational Church, where the Rev. Mr Gordon attracts immense congregations. Mr Bowie and his family and several Nairn lads, whom we had the pleasure of meeting, attend this church. Monday forenoon was devoted to sight-seeing in Winnipeg. I had an interesting interview with Mr J. P. Robertson, a Perthshire man, and an enthusiastic Scot, who holds the responsible position of librarian for the Province of Manitoba in the Legislative Buildings. He recalled with pleasure his intercourse with Major H. Rose of the Black Watch, when the band of that regiment was in Winnipeg.

#### IV.

##### THROUGH THE NORTH WEST TERRITORIES.

WE paid a short visit to Brandon, the largest place between Winnipeg and Calgary. It has now over 6000 inhabitants, though a few years ago it had only a score or two of people. It is the market-town of a very rich agricultural district. The country round about has been "settled" for a long time, but Brandon has only recently sprung into prominence. It is a very go-a-head Western city, and its citizens are very proud of it. "What do you think of Brandon?" is a question asked of you by every one you speak to, and you will disappoint them greatly unless you say the best you can of Brandon. The streets are the worst part of Brandon, as they are of every Western town, but as long as you keep to the wooden side pavements you get on all right. The main street of the town runs along the bottom of the eup in which it lies; the residential houses on the slope command a fine view of the windings of the Assiniboine river. Brandon has the electric light, but has not yet got the length of tram cars. Its enterprise and public spirit may be judged when it is mentioned that it supports a daily newspaper!

A visit to the Government Experimental Farm in the neighbourhood proved most interesting. The superintendent, Mr Bedford, took no end of trouble in showing one over the farm and offices. The growth which wheat, barley, oats, and other cereals had attained was phenomenal. I never saw at home anything like the crop of wheat which he had. In fact, the same may be said of all the crops. "Do the farmers ever have such crops as these?" I asked. "Some of them have quite as good," he replied, "and others could also have crops like these if they took

trouble." "How do you manage it?" I enquired further. "Of course you have more labour at command than the ordinary farmer?" "Well," he replied, "perhaps we have a little advantage in that respect, but the success is mainly due to the cleaning of the land and summer fallowing." They do not require to manure the land, but I think he said they were better of summer fallowing every fourth year. Every kind of crop is experimented with, and the results carefully recorded. Trees, fruits, and flowers are as carefully cultivated as wheat, turnips, and potatoes. Brome grass, I found, was first favourite, and timothy grass second. Peas are largely grown in the district, and a series of experiments is being carried out to determine the best quality. Thousands of people visit the grounds, which are charmingly laid out, and reports are officially published each year for the benefit of the farmers of the North West Territories. Mr Bedford gave me the reports of the work done for the last three years, and I promised to send him some heather, which is unknown in that part of Canada.

Just outside the precincts of the Experimental Farm is an experimental institution of another character—a school for the training of Red Indian children in industrial habits and Christian morals. It is conducted by the Wesleyan Methodist Church and supported by the Government, and is doing a good work. The lady superintendent, who showed us over the establishment, said they had had many discouragements, but also a good deal to cheer and inspire them. The Indian children seemed thoroughly to enjoy the new life, and become very attached to their teachers. It is when they go back to their old homes that some of them lapse into native ways. There were representatives, both boys and girls, of the warlike Sioux tribe, and also of the Crees from the northern end of Lake Superior. One bright-looking girl had unmistakeably red hair, and her name was—well, decidedly Highland!

We got back to Brandon just in time to escape a thunderstorm. Curiously enough, a little girl recognised me on the street at Brandon, and ran home and told her mother she was sure it was me. The list of visitors in the evening paper having confirmed it, we had a visit from the

Deans of Moss-side, who had only left Nairn a few weeks before. We were glad to see them, and to learn that all of them had found employment in Brandon, and were comfortably settled.

One is very much struck by the attention paid in these parts to strangers. The chairman of the new hospital of Brandon, recognising that I was a stranger, came up and introduced himself and kindly offered to drive us out to see the new wing just added; and another gentleman proposed to show us some other institutions in the place, but the limits of our time forbade our accepting either offer.

Next morning Brandon was all astir. Eight or ten thousand people poured into Brandon by road and rail. It was the occasion of an Orange festival for the whole Province, Brandon being this year the place in which it was to be held. Bands of music led the members of the various Orange Lodges, each gayer and more picturesque than another, with banners and badges. The ladies also wore yellow scarfs and favours. It was explained to us that the Orange demonstration was simply a holiday excursion for the Province, and had lost much of its old partisan spirit. I had a long chat with the clerical orator—an Episcopal minister—who had come up from Ontario to address the assembled multitude. My train left before his address came on, so that I had not an opportunity of hearing him, but he seemed a very pleasant fellow, and got me to promise to write him some day—"just a few lines on a winter's night to cheer the heart of an old fellow whose heart is in the Highlands," he said. To us it was an interesting exhibition of the social side of Manitoba. The men and women, all well dressed and well favoured, were evidently of a most respectable class—substantial farmers' sons and daughters, we should say, predominating. People at home are apt to think of Canada as a place of all work and no play. While all classes do work hard to a degree beyond conception at home, they also have their social outings and gatherings—enjoying themselves probably all the more because they do not recur too frequently. The evening before arriving at Brandon one had a pleasant glimpse of the social amusements in the North West. On

the train arriving at a station named MacGregor, youths and maidens poured into the train, and overflowed all the carriages, standing room being all that was available for many. They all, girls and lads alike, wore badges. On inquiring what it all meant, I was told that MacGregor—that is the village or township of that name—was going to play a football match with Austen—a station beyond. It was a great event evidently, and much excitement prevailed. On coming in sight of the roped field there were dozens of carriages with sight-seers who had already taken up their positions to witness the great contest. MacGregor was confident of winning. I should have liked to have learned the result of that football match out West, but our train had carried us far away before it was ended. Two young ladies going a station or two further, who also wore club colours, said they were going to play in a baseball match. The Canadian youth, at least along the line of the great C.P.R., evidently know how to enjoy themselves as well as their contemporaries at home.

The aspect of the country from Winnipeg westward for a hundred miles is that of a vast plain, like the dry bed of a great ocean. In point of fact, Manitoba was in early geological times a great inland sea. The horizon alone bounds the limitless flat. In the clear light you see some thirty miles on each side of the railway, and except where the line of trees which fringe the Red River or Assiniboine comes into view, there is not a single object to break the monotony of the expanse. Remove thirty miles to the right or left, and it is the same—even if you go three times thirty miles the unbroken plain expands before you, bounded by the horizon just as if you were at sea. People call it monotonous. To me it was singularly impressive in its vastness, and when the plain, covered with wheat, has ripened into golden grain, it must be a gladsome and glorious sight. A field of wheat in full ear at home has always appeared to me to be the most joyous of Nature's exhibits—more beautiful and beneficent than flowers, more wonderful than the verdure of the fields, or the strength of the woods. The wheat belt in Manitoba is assuredly one of the great sights of the world. We are informed that the

railway passes through by no means the richest part of the country—the engineers of the line being more intent in getting gravel beds for construction purposes than in opening up the best land for cultivation. It happens also that for a considerable distance from Winnipeg the country near the railway is held up by speculators for a rise in prices, and is thus an unreclaimed waste. But as we speed along we are more and more impressed by the magnitude of the extent of ground under cultivation and the extraordinary richness of the soil. There is no such thing as a free homestead in Manitoba anywhere near the railway—they have all been taken up long ago, and the fortunate pioneers, if they still retain these holdings, are now men of substance if not of wealth. In the most fertile part there are railway stations every five miles or so, with little towns or villages in the course of formation, and farm houses, two or three in sight at a time, like ships in the offing, come within sweep of the view from the train. It would be tedious to attempt to describe particular parts of the country where sameness so largely prevails, but the climax of interest in the general aspect occurs when one reaches Indian Head. It is the region of the great wheat farms. One farm, a few miles west of Indian Head, extends to four thousand acres under crop. The cultivable soil is said to be twenty feet in depth. At Indian Head there is a Government Experimental Farm, and we suppose that the splendid hedges enclosing the field at the railway station belong to this institution. In the actual growing of crops, however, the ordinary farmer sometimes beats the scientific experts, so we are told. Darkness has descended by the time we reach Regina, the capital of the North West Territories. It is a town of about 3000 inhabitants, and a station of the Canadian Mounted Police—a force whose praise is in everyone's mouth. A branch line extends northward as far as Prince Albert, and has opened up a new territory for settlement. It is said to be one of the most advantageous settlements in the North West. Meanwhile the Indian porter is busily laying out the beds in the sleeping car. When we awake in the morning a new aspect of country has dawned. We are in the open



prairie. A grassy, undulating plain has taken the place of the treeless flats of Manitoba. We have been gradually ascending. Winnipeg is 700 feet above the sea; this level is maintained till we reach Portage le Prairie, which is an insignificant rise of 100 feet. At Brandon the altitude is slightly over 1000 feet; Indian Head, about 2000 feet; and Calgary, which we are approaching, is 3388 feet—a respectable mountain altitude at home. The amazing thing is the richness of the growth of the prairie wherever it is broken. For a hundred miles or so, the prairie resembles a flat at the sea-shore, with short, crisp turf; it then becomes more rolling, with longer grass, patches of willows in the hollows, and bluffs of poplar on the heights, the grass spangled with richly-coloured sub-alpine flowers, some familiar, most strangers. From the train we see gophers innumerable dancing in the warm sunlight as the morning breaks, and once or twice we catch sight of a coyote, a species of wolf. The prairie flowers are not strongly scented, as we discover later on, but the combined fragrance of the abundant flora as it is wafted on the breeze is agreeably refreshing. The names of the railway stations are in many instances suggestive of the home country. There is a thriving little town of Nairn, but it is remotely situated on a branch line from Sudbury towards Lake Huron. But here on the main line between Winnipeg and Calgary are such places as Forres, Cumming, Kincaird, Chiny, Dunmore, Kininvie, and Strathmore, while the two stations beyond Calgary are Keith and Cochrane, with Banff fifty miles further west.

Calgary, which we reached in the afternoon, is prettily situated on the banks of the Bow River. We catch our first glimpse of the Rocky Mountains from its neighbourhood. The town itself is an important trading place, and has distinct social features of its own. Here you meet the big rancher who has ridden in for a day into town from his solitary station in the foothills far away to the south. He is handsomely mounted, and has lavished a small fortune on the trappings of his steed. The cow-boy is here also, carrying himself jauntily in his Mexican stock-saddle, though the old days of devilry have passed away. Most

of all you are impressed by the number of "smart" Englishmen you meet, all keen to do business with a stranger. The Red Indians are in evidence at every street corner—quiet, docile, rather melancholy looking folk, even the babies or papooses, slung on their mother's shoulders, though fat and fair, lack the animation associated with childhood.

A line of railway runs southward to Macleod in the heart of the ranching country. If one believes all that one hears, the days of the big rancher are over. The settler has invaded the solitudes of the south, and there is no room for his "bunch" of a thousand cattle on the open prairie, summer and winter, as they used to be. It has been found that Southern Alberta will grow magnificent crops if the land is irrigated, and the authorities have come to the assistance in constructing an extensive irrigation system. It is no longer how many thousand head of cattle have you, but how many ditches! "What do you think of little Johnnie Dickson?" said a Calgary man to his friend across the dinner table in the hotel, "he has got four ditches!" "You don't say so!" exclaimed the other, "lucky fellow, Dickson!"

Instead of going south towards Macleod and the great ranching country, I took the branch line northwards, running up to Edmonton. The aspect of the country is very attractive, and the air keen and invigorating. It might be Auldarn or Ardelach for its braes and hollows, only every ridge is rounded and every slope smoothed and planed, while every foot of ground is covered by natural grass or willow scrub. As we proceed northwards, the country becomes more and more broken, or rather more and more hummocky and billowy, for the surface, though scarred by an occasional creek, is never once broken by rock or crag. The superficial deposits of the ancient glaciers rest on great plateaus and form the prairie lands. We pass Olds and Innisfail—the market towns of thriving agricultural districts—and finally draw up at Red Deer Station. We have travelled six thousand miles, and arrived at this station on the very day and at the very hour and minute we had planned in Nairn before starting. On the platform

is one of my nephews waiting for us, having driven in twenty-five miles to meet this train—a remarkable illustration of how perfect are travelling facilities in these days.

Red Deer is a typical Western town—pushful, enterprising, hopeful. A few years ago it had not a score of houses, and barely a hundred inhabitants. Now it has a population of over 2000, has several hotels, two banks, rows of good shops and offices, a town hall, the electric light, and water laid on by gravitation, with a growing residential quarter of brick houses and wooden chalets on the rising ground. It is the market town of a wide district of country, and is a stopping-off place for the crowd of land-seekers. We were informed by Captain Cottingham, the Government agent there, that he had granted over one hundred homesteads to applicants that very week, and that rate had been considerably exceeded in some weeks of the early spring. As each homestead contains 160 acres, the amount of land given off in a single year is thus enormous, and yet the Commissioner smiled when I suggested that it must shortly run done. “Not much fear of that,” he said. Every newcomer has, however, to go farther and farther afield, and fifty miles from town is probably now the average distance of the free lands, although there are plenty of places to be picked up much nearer for a little money. The unbroken prairie land belonging to the Canadian Pacific Railway Company now runs at about £1 per acre, payable in instalments.

A typical scene is witnessed of a morning in Ross Avenue in Red Deer. We see an intending settler—probably two, for they generally hunt in couples—setting out for the distant prairie, in search of land. The universal “demo-rat” is brought round, the immigrants are accompanied by a guide who acts as driver. One side pocket of each stranger is stuffed with maps and diagrams of the country, the other contains a bulky parcel of sandwiches, for they do not know when they may get their next square meal, and to get lost for a day or two on the prairie is no unusual experience even with an official guide. The pair of stout strong horses set off at a canter over the rough street of Red Deer; the pioneers wave farewells to their

casual acquaintances on the street, and in a few minutes strike the northern trail, and are lost to sight. The setting out in search of a homestead by individual settlers is not so dramatic as the combined rush for land at Oklohamma which one read of some years ago, but to the person concerned, his first plunge into the unknown mysterious prairie is an event in life never to be forgotten, I believe. The Government surveyors have been before the search party, and have mapped out and inserted an iron rod with a number at the north-east corner of each section, embracing one square mile, and similar marks denote quarters of such section, so that a reference to the printed diagram gives sufficient identification of all surveyed lands.

Our trail is in a different direction from that taken by the homestead-seekers, and before starting we step into the shop of the local taxidermist—Mr Grant by name—to see the specimens he has preserved of the birds and beasts of the district. A buffalo head of extraordinary massiveness and strength is one of the great exhibits of his collection. We also see a pair of elk heads fixed when fighting (like the deer heads at Gordon Castle), which belongs to Captain Cottingham. Eagles, hawks, owls, and a dozen more or less of fur-bearing animals are shown us. One is still more impressed by what one sees for one's-self of the fauna of the country. On stepping out of Mr Grant's shop, we meet a man carrying home a lynx—a species of wild cat—of enormous size, which he had that morning caught and killed. When we have driven some five miles along the trail we meet a waggoner who shouts with a gleeful expression of countenance the laconic announcement—"Bear!" "Killed?" asks our friend, with equal brevity. "Yes--Wilson's boy!" A mile further on the conversation we have related receives its explanation. "Wilson's boy"—whoever he may be—had that morning shot a huge black bear on the road, and Bruin's carcase as we pass rests on one of Wilson's waggons, a trophy of the sport of the country. It is nesting time, and the prairie chickens and partridges are all but invisible, but flocks of teal and mallard are visible in the lakes and lochs in the depressions of the land. The coyotte, or prairie wolf, is in evidence every

mile or two. Driving across the prairie some five or six miles from any habitation, we come across several of them. All but one slunk away into the bush at our approach, but one boldly challenged us from the top of a hill within gun-shot. He was as big as a mastiff, of iron-grey colour, and howled horribly. At first one thought his barking was a summons for the rest of the pack, but his subsequent movements—he followed us along the ridge for nearly a mile—showed that his object was to attract the attention of the three little dogs which accompanied us, any one of whom he could have killed. They were wise in their generation, and paid no heed to his howling, being intent only in following the scent of a white hare (called rabbits here) which they had put up in the plain. The wolf's final note, as he elevated his snout, like a dog baying at the moon, was particularly savage and nasty. We are told they never show fight, even when in packs in winter time, though their howling in the dead of night around a lonely house is not altogether agreeable to the nerves of the inmates. With the exception of two or three, all the smaller birds are new to me. I counted about a score of different birds, some exceedingly pretty. The difference in the character of the bird life brings home to one more than almost anything else that one is in a distant country. Alberta is a fairly good sporting country, but with the Rockies so near at hand, abounding in big game, sportsmen do not frequent it very much.

In a twenty-mile drive over the prairie, I came upon not a few newly-started homesteads. They were so remote from all human intercourse that one wonders how any one can stand the loneliness of the situation. Here he was, however—a strong young fellow, busily putting up his shack, as his log hut is called, or, if it is up, he is engaged with axe and hammer putting up a snake fence around his homestead. The wife of a new settler rides by on some errand for her husband, who is a mile away; she has been just long enough in the country to be used to the stock saddle, which looks so clumsy, but is said to be so comfortable to riders of both sexes. This is a purely pastoral country, let it be distinctly understood. It is ranching,

with modifications. South of Calgary, the cattle are left out during winter, and only the very prudent and careful lay up a store of hay to provide against the possible occurrence of a severe winter. But north of Calgary it is quite different. Hay for winter feeding is imperative. What harvest is at home, haying time is in Northern Alberta. The natural grass is cut all over a man's own lands on height and hollow. If the season has been dry, the hay crop is light on the hills, but can be cut, by reason of the drought, more abundantly in the sloughs (pronounced "slews") or marshes in the hollows. The amount of hay secured is the determining factor in the prosperity of the big rancher, and the humble homesteader alike. If there is not sufficient on one's own quarter, no one has much scruple at ekeing out his supply by a cutting on the open prairie, though he scrupulously avoids trenching on any lands that have been homesteaded, even if not taken possession of. The reaping machines, or mowers as they are called, cut a large swathe, and between the first of August and the middle of September, many tons of natural grass have been put up within enclosures for winter's supply. The whole system, however, is in a transition state, and with the advent of creameries, the more enlightened farmers are laying down brome and timothy, so as to secure a crop of hay more reliable than the natural grass. Haying presents one of the most animated scenes in Alberta.

Pine Lake, where I stayed for about a fortnight, is a charming place. The lake is not shown on any of the general maps of the country I have seen. I suppose it is too small for notice in this country of great spaces, being only seven miles long and three-quarters broad, and, if shown, would be indicated by a very tiny speck of blue. It appears, however, on the maps of the Province, and enjoys considerable celebrity in Northern Alberta. It lies some twenty-five miles south of Red Deer, and is the residential quarters of a number of old English settlers. They reside at Pine Lake, but most of them have cattle ranches some distance back in the prairie. Each house is more picturesquely situated than another, on some jutting point or sheltered nook at the side of the winding lake, whose

terraced banks, crowned here and there with wood, are beautifully mirrored in the clear sheet of water on a sunny morning or evening. Each habitation has its little landing pier, and the boats or canoes, floating lazily all day, impart animation and human interest to this scene of natural beauty when they put off in the evening on a visit to a neighbour or for an hour or two's fishing before dark. I hasten to correct the impression, if it has been given, that these houses, which so prettily stud the sides of the lake, are some sort of residential villas of a leisured class, as at home. Quite the contrary. They are the busy centres of agricultural industry. Each house has attached to it from the minimum of a homestead quarter of a hundred and sixty acres to that of a full section, or a square mile of land, partly cultivated, but mainly pasture. All the adjuncts of a farm are there, from the run for the fowls to the corral for the cattle, and all the employments of the farm, indoor and out-of-door, are carried on unceasingly. Pine Lake residences are home farms, with cattle runs away in the distant prairie, as probably the main source of wealth. One's ideas of things become completely revolutionised in Canada. Common work is dignified into an occupation for any gentleman. Household duties become the accomplishment of the most refined ladies. The men at Pine Lake, most of them gentlemen by birth and education, and capable of taking their place in any society, do all the work on their own lands, including the tillage of their crops on the broken ground, the management of their stock—some forty or eighty head, and two or three pair of horses, not courting the ponies for the ladies! He does all this with the assistance of one farm pupil or hired hand, and thinks nothing of it; while the ladies, single-handed, with no servant—though sometimes a female relative or lady help turns up—manage the entire household, including the dairy and the flower plots, with an active interest in the vegetable garden! I should add that the ladies drive, ride, row, fish, and shoot at times. It is a simple, joyous, free life in the country, where everything that is good and proper is maintained as in the best ordered households at home, and everything that is merely conventional or false

in sentiment or feeling is laid aside. This is no exaggerated or highly coloured picture. What impresses one most is that the life is laborious and toilsome and yet full of enjoyment and happiness. No two houses in the lake district resemble each other outwardly, while the variety of interiors is still more pronounced—all of them perfectly delightful. The skill and ingenuity and originality displayed would teach our architects and house-builders at home many a lesson. The nearest approach at a general description I can give is that internally they resemble our shooting lodges in their simplicity, but are vastly more comfortable, commodious, and home-like. A Church of England place of worship stands very prettily on a knoll at the north end of the lake, and a young clergyman ministers to a devoted congregation of from eighty to one hundred people—it is one of three charges under his care. And thus a religious service in common unifies the social life of the little community which has gathered round the picturesque banks of Pine Lake.

I do not regret the run I made up to Edmonton. It lies north of Calgary on the main line about two hundred miles, and is the terminus of the branch line of which Red Deer is the centre. Some good crops are to be seen on both sides of the railway, and several towns have sprung up, one of which has a larger population than Red Deer itself. There is an Indian Reserve within some distance of Edmonton, where the Government, by instructors and other agents, are inducing the Red Indians to cultivate the lands placed at their disposal, and latterly have not been without success. The Indians have been impressed by the fact that people are coming into Alberta from all parts of the world in search of land. Land must, therefore, be a good thing, they reason, and they begin to try some crops on their own account.

One can quite understand how great the admiration of a stranger, from Scotland especially, can be for Edmonton—only to be followed by profound disappointment. When one looks to Edmonton by the "Canadian Pacific" at home in the ordinary way, one imagines that he will be carried on to that town. But that is not so. You are taken no



further than Strathcona, where the terminus of the Canadian Pacific is, and you have to take another ticket on the Northern Railway—a rival line—or take the 'bns from the one place to the other, which, however, happens to be only three miles distant, and the charge by road or rail is not very much. In the drive by 'bus up to Edmonton you are greatly impressed with the beauty of the situation. The country is thickly wooded, and for the first time you observe high sharp ridges with rolling ground. Emerging from a hollow you see an imposing city, as you imagine, standing on a height, with a river washing its base. The picture reminds you of the view of Arthur Seat in Edinburgh or Stirling Castle. But on a nearer approach you discover that the cliffs are clay banks and the houses painted wooden shanties, with only here and there a decently respectable dwelling place. The river, the great Saskatchewan, is here a broad but yellow muddy stream, and its banks are anything but attractive. The enchantment is gone, and as you proceed along the main street you are terribly disappointed with its newness. Still, on further experience, you come to regard Edmonton as occupying a situation of great natural beauty, and as the place develops the fine positions on the brow of the hill will doubtless be occupied by buildings more worthy of their prominence, and the streets of the town will become more sightly and attractive. The one thing a stranger from the old country has to remember is that these towns are but of yesterday, and if he only thinks of it there is a good deal to be proud of in that a few hundred immigrants have had the pluck and energy and enterprise to lay the foundations, or more properly speaking, start the beginnings of what is destined in the near future to be a great city. Edmonton has been provisionally chosen as the site of the capital of the new Province, and is making immense progress. It has already its electric light, and the lines are being laid for electric tramways. As I saw it in the evening it had quite an oriental aspect, the tall blocks between the small structures making a very striking and picturesque line. Edmonton has the characteristic of growing upon you, and before the day is finished you are prepared to vote it a very nice town

after all. It is the centre of an immense tract of agricultural ground. For fifty miles around, every acre is homesteaded, and lands have to be purchased, but beyond is the limitless prairie, and the strange thing is that the further you go north the better the land becomes. So I was told, and within certain limits this is no doubt true, and is explained partly by reason of a gap in the Rocky Mountains allowing the rain clouds and soft west winds to play upon it. Edmonton is full of land agents—dealers in real estate, as they are called. For the most part they are speculators, who have acquired for themselves or others an interest in certain lands, and are prepared to do business with any one in search of land. No doubt they will have a commission on the transaction, but there is no reason to believe that they are doing anything but legitimate and fair business. It should not be lost sight of, however, that it is the agricultural industry—the cultivation of the soil and the raising of stock—that constitutes the basis of all the prosperity of the district. In this case, it is the farmer alone who is the wealth producer. I met casually a Speyside man who told me he was one of a very few settlers in Edmonton twenty years ago, and pointed out to me the first “frame” house which he had built the year he came out. He was well advanced in years, but brisk and keen, and was very proud of the Western city he had seen rise under his eyes in so very brief a period of time. I noticed that the Mayor was a Macpherson, and the largest store-keepers, who were just completing a handsome new building, were Mackenzie and Campbell. It is the old story in Alberta, as elsewhere in the North West Territories, Scotchmen or their descendants, the Scotch Canadians, lead in business.

A great many Americans are crossing over to Alberta and taking up land. The Government officials profess to be sorry that the proportion of Americans is so large, yet it is undoubtedly the case that the border States are flooded with immigration literature. The number, great as it is, of those who come rushing in by train—generally by the “Soo” line—does not represent the actual number who have taken up homesteads. A Washington State farmer I

met fell to giving me an account of himself. "It was only on Sunday last," he said, "that I had made up my mind to have a look at Alberta. The news spread, how I don't know, and on Monday morning I had a number of people coming to me and asking me to select homesteads for them. Having the schedules in my possession, thirteen of my neighbours, including the doctor of the town, filled up the applications. I have now got land for all of them, and am on my way back." It appeared that he had come upon a nice plateau or valley, and acquired the whole of it, partly by purchase and partly by homesteading. He seemed a shrewd man, and apparently knew what he was about. If, of course, his venture and that of his friends doesn't turn out well, they can easily trek to Washington State. It is one of the commonest sights on the trail to see parties of Americans carrying their households in waggons across the border to Canada. A short time ago it was all the other way, and it is still the case that a number of Canadian young men go to the States in pursuit of a wider commercial life than exists at home. Speaking broadly, the North West Territories is no place for any one who is not an agriculturist, and to get on at that he must work hard and be prepared to rough it. If he does, he will succeed without a doubt.

## V.

### THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

WITH the view of getting a full day's sight of the Rocky Mountains, I get up early, and start from Calgary. We set out with an altitude of 3525 feet, and before we reach the foot-hills of the mountains—a run of forty miles—we have ascended to 4000 feet. You see immense ranches of horses in this territory, usually in some deep ravine. The great barrier of rock, towering up into the skies, rises before you. There appears to be no opening, when suddenly the train bends round, and enters a narrow pass—the famous “Gap”—between two cliffs. The mountains at this point appear to be of sandstone—stratified rocks uplifted bodily, and not thrust out of position, so that the prevailing form they assume is that of great massive, mysterious looking fortresses or castles, sometimes rounded, sometimes square, but always deep based and colossal. They are packed, huddled together. The lights and shadows chase each other across their grey faces. Patches of snow lie on their flanks, and a gleam of sunshine glitters on some ice corner, as if it were a turret window, but all is bare on these gigantic hills and mountains. But I am not going to attempt to describe the Rocky Mountains! That would be a task indeed, and the best efforts at description must appear to be mere rhapsody. They have to be seen in order that their grandeur and glory may be realised. To have penetrated this chain of mountains by a railway was one of the boldest undertakings in the world. The secret, however, is that they gained entrance into the mountain region by the transverse valleys of ancient glaciers, and then followed the course of the rivers. “Wherever the river runs there will we go,” was the

principle followed. Up one river system, down the other. Let the river twist and turn as it may in the mountains, the railway tracks it. And thus for a whole day we literally wandered amongst the mountains with a railway train—now on one side, now on the other of the great pale blue rivers which come from the glaciers trying for an outlet. The pace is not much more than dead slow for miles, then going round a bend or across a bridge, we move foot by foot, like one testing doubtful ice. Having climbed to Hector—a magnificent peak—where there is a railway station at the height of 5296 feet, we have gained the summit of the Rocky Mountains. As the train moves along the summit, your attention is directed to a stream which divides its waters; one portion flowing to the Atlantic, the other to the Pacific. Nature, I think, has been aided by the hand of man in making the "Great Divide" so visible, as the two little channels look as if they had been freshly cut. The ascent was striking enough—the descent was still more terrible. We cross the gorge of the Kicking Horse Pass, and many another rocky ravine. One is tempted to stop off at Field and stay for the night there, but having made our programme we stick to it, and as the night draws in we reach Glacier House, in the heart of the Selkirks, our resting place for a couple of days. Of all the places along the line, Glacier House is, I think, the most attractive. Banff, Field, and Laggan have their advantages, but Glacier House realises more than any the idea of a home in the mountains. The hotel is really in a cup in the mountains.

Next morning, I had a walk to the Great Glacier. You pass along a path through scenery very much like what we have got on Cawdor burn or the Findhorn river. It is a primeval forest, with a thick undergrowth of shrub and fern. With few exceptions, the plants are precisely the same as we have at home. The oak fern, next to the bracken and the *felix mas*, is the most abundant. Its habit is a little different, being less creeping; in fact, it grows straight up, some eighteen inches high. At every turn you see glistening through the wood a huge white mass, and your walk is along the banks of a glacial stream of light-

blue water, rushing and foaming like a Highland burn. When within a few hundreds yards of the glacier, I was for a moment taken aback, it looked so much like a mountain of white sandy rock with a polished surface. We get into the tail and pick our way over the little boulders and rounded stones, jumping a dozen or two of little streamlets. A party of ladies and gentlemen are before us. We make friends, and presently are drinking refreshing draughts of the water which issues below the glacier. One lady, to make sure, chipped off a bit of it and tasted it. It is the first glacier I had ever seen, and the sensation on resting one's hands on the ice sheet for the first time is peculiar. The glacier is really not pure ice, but hard frozen snow, mixed with particles of fine sand. On the sheet you see bits and blocks of rock resting on or embedded in the frozen mass. Many things which puzzled one at home, in accounting for the tool marks of the glaciers which ploughed our own mountains and glens, are explained. One feels it was worth one's long journey to see this great mountain of ice on the flanks of Mount Sir Donald. It is one of those sights one never forgets. The foot of the glacier is gradually receding. A mark shows where it was some eight or ten years ago—it has gone back twenty or thirty yards. The delightful coolness of the air, and all the novelty and grandeur of the situation, make this one of the most memorable of the scenes one has visited in Canada.

One of the pleasures of travelling is the number of "nice people" yon meet. It was so at Glacier House. We met as strangers and parted as friends, with the hope of some day meeting again.

A long stretch of mountain scenery has to be passed through before we reach Vancouver, and a night has to be spent in the train between Glacier House and that city. We were interested in Revelstoke. It is the centre of a mining district, and is very prettily situated in a hollow among the hills. We took on board a large quantity of ice, and so free and easy is the custom of the country that every one about helped themselves, and we had the peculiar sight of people sucking ice on the railway platform, as children do "candy" at home.

We had only been gone an hour or two when we witnessed a sublime spectacle, characteristic of the country. It was darkening, but the moon was up, and suddenly a tremendous forest fire came in view. It was awful to behold. A wall of fire extended for miles, and one could see the flames leaping up to the topmost part of the trees, in a moment blackening but not consuming it, leaving a gaunt black mast standing alone. At other times, the wind carried the fire right back into the heart of the forest, and where the underwood was thick the blaze became intense, lighting up the whole scene in lurid light. The wind was driving the smoke away from us, and we had a full view of the terrible sight of a forest fire. These fires are very common, hardly a week passing but some vast territory is subjected to this calamity, and they are known to rage for weeks at a time, doing immense damage. Nature is very kindly, for within a few months fresh plants spring up and clothe the blackened desert, though, of course, years elapse before the new timber comes to any great size. The vastness of the forests of British Columbia can hardly be imagined, even by those accustomed to a wooded country at home.

A friend wakened me in the morning about five o'clock to see the Fraser canyon—the rocky bed out of which the Fraser river flows. It is a terrible gorge, perfectly savage in its grandeur. It may not be generally known, and is therefore worthy of being mentioned, that it was a member of the old family of Fraser of Culbokie (Guisachan) which our esteemed countryman Colonel Fraser represents, who first discovered this great river, and gave it its name of Fraser by common consent. For several hours we follow the windings of the Fraser river, through magnificent scenery. The river is, however, milky white, and one accustomed to the clear limpid water of Scottish streams has difficulty in becoming reconciled to the colour of these Canadian torrents. The enormous volume of water of the Fraser river is seen as it gets down to the level country. It is navigable for a hundred miles, and boats and ships innumerable are to be seen at its mouth, where the great salmon fishing is carried on. Of that industry I shall have

something to say later on. Meanwhile, the train bears us away to Vancouver, which is on an arm of the sea, and in a couple of hours' run we get our first glimpse of the Pacific Ocean, and find ourselves in the city of Vancouver.

British Columbia differs widely from the North West Territories through which we have been travelling these last few weeks. It resembles in many of its aspects the South of England much more than any portion of the Dominion of Canada. In fact, one learns that Canada is a very wide term and embraces all sorts of climates and countries.

Vancouver is a very fine city. It largely follows English ways. Were it not that the majority of the houses are of wood, one could imagine oneself to be in an English sea-coast town. One of its characteristics is the number of Chinamen and Japs it employs. They are to be met with at every turn. The Chinaman especially appears to be thoroughly domesticated in the place. All the errand boys are Chinese, and nearly every considerable household employs Chinamen as domestic servants. For the most part the arrangement that obtains is that John Chinaman comes in the morning, and having cooked, cleaned and washed for the family, leaves for his own quarters as soon as he has served the last meal for the day. By all accounts they make capital servants, and are exceedingly docile and obliging. They get good wages as cooks, and the only fault to be found with them is that they will sometimes leave at an hour's notice if they hear of a place where they will get a few more dollars a month. The high wages given at the salmon canneries also has a disturbing effect on the Chinaman. A large cannery proprietor told me a good story in this connection. His Chinese cook or butler, to whom he paid relatively a very high salary (and, he added, he was worth it), gave him notice one morning that he was to leave next day. "What for?" asked the master. "I can get double wages at your cannery," he replied, and "and why should I not go work there?" The argument was unanswerable, but a compromise was effected that when the salmon fishing was over John Chinaman, having reaped his harvest of the sea, would return to his occupa-



tion in the house at the old rate of wages. Hundreds of households are left destitute of a single servant while the salmon fishing is on.

I spent a day at one of these great salmon canning places, named Stevetson, on the Fraser River. No one who has not seen a run of salmon on the Fraser River can ever have an adequate idea of the vastness of the shoal, or "school," of salmon that comes in from the sea to it. These large fish are nearly as numerous as herrings on the Scottish coasts. Once every four years there is a big run of fish, and this happens to be the year of the "big run." Some doubts were entertained whether it would be as great as usual, owing to the destructive traps of the Americans in one of the Straits, but it has exceeded all expectations, and the catch will reach, it is believed, the most sanguine estimate formed. The boats at Stevetson were limited each to 200 salmon daily—that was all the canneries could take—but one morning the boats came in with an average of 400 each; one half the catch had consequently to be thrown back to the river. It is an exceedingly picturesque and animated spectacle—the salmon fishing boats, hundreds and hundreds of sail being visible inshore and in the offing, and it was very interesting to see the canneries at work—from the landing of the fish, freshly caught by drift net, to the soldering of the cans containing the canned fish. The factory work is done almost exclusively by Chinese, Japs, and Red Indians, and the whole process is carried out almost entirely by machinery. Stevetson unfortunately attracts a very mixed lot of people—in fact, the dregs of the population, native and oriental, are drawn to it during the few weeks of the fishing, and pandemonium reigns at times in the squalid village, spite of the efforts of the missionaries and the policeman. Two of these missionaries I met, and had an account of the condition of things from them. One of the missionaries—Mr Stone—had been there for eight years, and another—Mr Kendall—had come to take charge particularly of a portion of a tribe of Red Indians from the island on which he is located. I was introduced to the Red Indian chief, and had a little chat with him. One could not but admire the heroism of these young

men in spending their lives amidst the sordid surroundings and vile elements of humanity to be found at Stevetson. "One is happy to think," said one of these devoted men, "there is but one Stevetson in the world." I should mention that I also met one of the Salvation Army men out there, who does good work.

A visit to Vancouver without a run to Stanley Park would be out of the question, so we spent an afternoon with friends amidst the gigantic trees, enormous ferns, and luxuriant plants of the great park, which is kept as Nature made it. It is one of the finest public parks in the world, and has the unique distinction of having a large coast line on one side. What impressed me most was not the enormous girth of the trees, though in that respect they exceeded anything one had ever seen before—it was the stupendous height of the trees, as they shot up straight and piercing as a pillar, without branch or bend or limb to detract from their size, that astonished one. The timber of British Columbia, though much lessened by forest fires, is one of its greatest assets as a Province, and its reserves of timber will yet become as valuable as gold or silver mines.

Some years ago, several families from the fishertown of Nairn went out to Vancouver. I made it my business to look them up—some of them, indeed, came to see me first. I am glad to say that I found every one of them in prosperous circumstances, and it gave me real pleasure to see their comfortable, well-appointed houses. All of them appeared to have excellent prospects for the future, both for themselves and their young families. Nairn, of course, has not been forgotten by them, and I had to answer many questions as to how the people and the place they had come from were faring. "Any man who is prepared to work hard here at anything he gets to do for three or four years will do well," was Mr David Main's emphatic declaration. Having been asked by some of the fishermen at home to inquire as to the prospects of herring fishing on the Pacific Coast, I consulted him and several others of practical knowledge, but their opinion was that until Mr Cowie's investigations as to the curing qualities of the fish have been completed it would not be advisable for fishermen at present

to come out with that object in view. In the course of a year or two it will be seen if a herring fishery can be established, and things will then take practical shape, and no one will lose anything by waiting until the industry is organised on a commercial footing, if that is to be accomplished. That coincides with my own view.

Our visit to Vancouver was made exceedingly enjoyable by meeting so many friends having connection with the old country, some of them being among the leading families of this great city, and all of them most kind and hospitable. Although pressed on every hand to prolong our stay and see more and more of their delightful city, we had to proceed to Victoria, the natural terminus of our outward journey.

The sail across to Victoria occupied four hours. On leaving Vancouver shore and approaching Vancouver Island the scenery is of the most charming character, winding passages among islands and bays, but for a considerable portion of the time we lose sight of land. The steamer service between the mainland and the island is about the best in the world, the "Princess Victoria," a floating palace, keeping up a speed of nearly 20 knots an hour. You are not very long in Victoria until you discover that it differs in many ways from the rival city of Vancouver. It is more restful, and has been aptly called the "City of Homes." The wealthier classes in Western Canada, when they have made their fortunes, retire to Victoria to spend the evening of their days. "In Victoria," remarked a caustic speaker, "no one is in a hurry, and what can be done to-morrow is never by any chance done to-day." While the business habits of Vancouver are of a brisker order, I confess I liked Victoria and its ways very much. The air was bracing; in fact, the wind blowing down from the mountains across the strip of water was at times quite as cold as you could have had it at Nairn at the same date. We managed to see a good deal of Victoria and its surroundings in the four days we could spare for it. One of these included a splendid drive into the country, which a friend kindly took us. A visit to Esquimalt, formerly the British Naval Station, but abandoned for the present at least, was also

full of interest. It is a surprise—a constant surprise and gratification—the many friends one meets and the kindness they show ; and of no place has one happier recollections than of Victoria. The island is about to be opened up by new railways—large portions of it actually having never been explored—and a spirit of fresh enterprise is about to be evoked ; but Victoria, we believe, will ever remain the resort of the Canadian health-seeker and the delight of the European visitor.

## VI.

### BACK TO ONTARIO.

**B**ACK through the fierce gorges of the Fraser River,—up and down among the perilous passes of the Rocky Mountains,—once more coursing over the swelling undulations of Alberta and Assiniboia,—finally emerging on the smiling plains of Manitoba, now covered with golden wheat ready for harvesting—we arrive, after a continuous run of three days and two nights, at Winnipeg. The sun shines brightly, as it has done every day for the last two months, and the countenance of every man you meet beams for very joy, for is not the wheat crop in the West the best, the most abundant, the richest and heaviest for twenty years? In fact, the prospective yield of grain exceeds that of all former seasons. The wheat fields have ripened splendidly into harvest, but where are the harvesters? The farmers and the Government officials and the railway men all work together hand in hand at such a crisis as this. “We want twenty thousand harvest labourers within the next few days,” said Mr Obed Smith, the Government Commissioner, to me in his office at Winnipeg, as he unfolded the return of the demands received a day or two before from the various districts. “We will take fifty men,” modestly says one little township, while the demands of others run to hundreds and thousands. Mr Smith is almost in despair. “I don’t believe we will get them,” he said, somewhat despondingly. Mr Brodie, the assistant passenger traffic manager of this section of the great Canadian Pacific Railway, told me next morning when we greeted him that he had secured 15,000, and the rest, he added confidently, will be forthcoming. “They are coming on by special trains at this very moment—500

in each train section ; and before two days have run every man of them will be placed where he is wanted." Picture a line of special trains running two thousand miles carrying twenty thousand harvesters to assist the Manitoban and Western farmers to gather in the precious crops that have sprung up as if by magic on the great lone prairies. It is a great industrial army proceeding to the front. The harvesters are carried forward by the railway company at nominal fares, but are charged full rates returning, which they can well afford to pay out of the high wages they receive for their six or seven weeks' work. As they reach Winnipeg on the journey out, they pass through a temporary ticket office, and are booked through to their respective destinations right away. The harvest is thus virtually secured.

One of the most pleasurable incidents of one's travels was to have met with Mr Duncan Macarthur, an old and valued friend, who, along with Mrs Macarthur, came in from their residence in the country—some thirty miles, to Winnipeg to meet us. We spent an afternoon together—long to be remembered—at Kildonan and Kildonan church, the first little centre of civilisation in the North-West. Descendants of the Sutherland settlers still survive, and the little churchyard, though not the oldest burying place, abounds with memorials of Sutherlands, Mathiesons, and Macbeaths. It was most interesting to hear on the spot accounts of the many vicissitudes of this little pioneer community of Highland people, and how they still retain the Gaelic language and many old Highland customs and traditions.

One of the features of Manitoba and the North-West Territories is the number of agricultural societies and shows that have sprung up. There is a Board of Trade in every little town, which makes it its duty to frame schemes for improvement, and to bring them under the notice of the Municipality and Provincial Government. Many men will become members of this Advisory Board of Trade who will not join a district council or school board, thus the best intelligence of the country is being given to the consideration of local problems. In the matter of agricultural

development, the agricultural shows have done a great deal. No more familiar figure is to be seen at these exhibitions in the Province of Manitoba than that of a Nairnshire lad, Mr John Macbean, of Keppernach, who represents on these occasions the leading agricultural newspaper of the Province and indeed of the North-West. I had several long chats with Mr Macbean, than whom no one knows better the actual state of things in that wide district, and he gave me the most encouraging accounts of it. He prefers journalism in the meantime, but is looking forward to settling down to farm on his own account some day ere long. One was glad to hear the high terms of respect with which Mr Macbean was spoken of by his fellow pressmen.

Winnipeg is on holiday. Every place of business is closed. The lakes, the rivers, the railways draw their thousands, but the majority appear to spend the day in the neighbourhood of their own city. We got out to the public park by the side of the Red River, and find family picnics the vogue. It is really a lovely sight all this romping in the park and boating on the river. Life is essentially joyous and happy out here. In the evening we drive to the railway station to resume our return journey. The crowds of holiday-makers are returning, most carrying the spoils of their sport in the form of wayside flowers. Bright as everything is, there is tragedy lurking in the shadows. Underlying the strenuous life of this western city, there is a feverish excitement—high hopes yesterday, deep disappointment to-day. As we enter the railway station, and are bidding good-bye to our friends, a young Englishman, having purchased his ticket for home, suddenly changes his mind, and with a pistol blows his brains out—a tragedy not now typical, thank goodness, but yet, alas! not unfamiliar to the life in the Wild West.

A rapid railway run over night brings us to Fort William, at the head of Lake Superior, where we embark on board a palatial steamer, and for two days and two nights we are sailing over the great fresh water lakes of North America.

If it does nothing else, the Lake Route enables one to realise in some degree the immensity of the great lakes of

North America. They are not lakes at all, but really great inland seas of fresh water. For the greater part of the time you are really as far from land as if you were in mid-ocean in the Atlantic. The course steered after passing Isle Royale is right down the centre of Lake Superior to Saulte St Marie, where a new lock has been formed enabling British shipping to pass through without having, as formerly, to pay custom to the United States on the other side of the Rapids. While the steamer is passing through the "Soo" lock, as it is called, passengers are allowed to land and have a stroll round the town. It is a place of considerable size, but its importance consists in being a starting point for railways and steamers. Connection is here made with the Soo-Pacific line which leaves the Canadian Pacific Transcontinental route at Sudbury, crosses the Rapids of the St Mary on a magnificent iron bridge, and runs westward to Gladstone, St Paul, and Minneapolis, and after traversing the States of Michigan, Wisconsin, and North Dakota, rejoins the transcontinental route near Moose Jaw in the Canadian North-West. Connection is also made with the Duluth, South Shore and Atlantic Railway for Duluth and points on the south shore of Lake Superior, &c. From the "Soo" enjoyable side trips may be made to Algoma Park, the Desbarats Islands on the north shore of Lake Huron, and the Michipicoten goldfields on Lake Superior. I have quoted the above few lines from the official time-table, just to show the variety of trips or routes one can take. It is a case constantly of making a choice—of foregoing some place you would like to see. I had, for instance, a strong inclination to come off at Saulte St Marie and take the railway to Nairn—I mean the town of that name on Lake Huron, but the balance of considerations favoured pursuing the regular route. Nairn is, I believe, a thriving little place, and, like its namesake in Scotland, delightfully situated—at the side of Georgian Bay. It is a local centre of the lumber trade, and very prosperous. One wonders how it came by the name of Nairn, but no one could tell me. Indeed, the passengers on board the steamer knew as little of the country as I did. Most of them were from remote places bound for the



Toronto Exhibition, and a good many had never been on board a steamship before. On Lake Superior we had hours of most perfect weather, and the river connecting with Lake Huron—they call it the “Soo” river—was really a pretty sight with many ships and boats, but a breeze sprung up, the steamer kicked a little, and the landsmen, a good many of them, became sea-sick, and so passed a miserable night, I fancy. I fear my total exemption from the dreaded *mal de mer* made me somewhat unsympathetic towards the sufferers, especially on a fresh water lake. But in reality these lakes are as subject to severe storms as the Atlantic itself. We were just clear of them when a violent storm occurred, and ships and steamers were wrecked at various points we had passed, with considerable loss of life. It is only in mid-summer one can be perfectly sure of a smooth passage, and I would say for several reasons that this route should be taken going out. The sail covers over 550 miles.

Here we are at Owen Sound, in an outer corner of Georgian Bay. The train to carry us to Toronto stands alongside the quay, and we have half-an-hour or more to survey the place. It is evidently going to be a town of some size. Its docks are full of shipping, and, for a wonder in Canada, many of its houses are built of stone. It has a population of about nine thousand inhabitants, and expects to double that in the next few years. It is surrounded by an amphitheatre of limestone cliffs, very grateful to the eye, and the gardens of the citizens are very pretty. In fact, the taste for flowers is so strongly developed that the wharf itself is more like a terrace in a public park than the receptacle for boxes and barrels. How much one is gratified by evidences of a little taste for gardening! Unsightly warehouses become pretty when their ugly corners are filled with flowers and plants. Owen Sound dwells in the memory like the lingering fragrance of a rose-garden.

A four hours' run through Ontario farm lands brings us to Toronto, the principal city of the Province. We are fortunate in getting into a good hotel. Two days later, hundreds of applicants are refused. It is the week of the great National Exhibition, and some fifty or sixty thousand

visitors have invaded the place. The narrow streets are crowded, the electric tramways are filled to overflowing, and everything is bustle and hurry. The tally-ho, an old-fashioned four-in-hand, with its noisy horn touting for passengers at the hotels, or cheevying as it howls along from one place of interest to another, is crammed with sight-seers. We meet them at the Parliament House, at the University, in the public parks, everywhere: two or three minutes is given to each place, and the tourists have seen all that is worth seeing in Toronto, as they imagine. A more leisurely visit suits us better, and we are rewarded by meeting many old friends and making some new acquaintances. One of these latter, we may mention, is Mr Alexander Fraser, the official archivist of the Province, an Inverness-shire man, who is as well versed in the genealogies of Highland families as he is in the family history of Canadians. We found him engaged in preparing from the historical records preserved at Washington an account of the Loyalists, whose estates were forfeited in the United States when they preferred the British flag to the Stars and Stripes. We arranged to meet at the Caledonian Society dinner at Montreal two days later. Making for a car, we were introduced by him to no less a personage than the Lieutenant-Governor, modestly waiting like the rest of us for a Yonge Street car. He asked me if I knew the late Dr Grigor of Nairn, the late Mr Lamb, and others of our old townsmen. He told me that Mr Lamb and he had been lads together in the same office in Edinburgh. The Lieutenant-Governor had just returned from England. Morayshire, I think, claims Mortimer Clark as one of its distinguished sons. I learned that in his case high position goes with sterling character and great ability. We parted at Eaton's. Who is Eaton? some one may ask. A Canadian would smile at such a question being asked. It is the greatest emporium on the North American Continent, and has colossal retail establishments in all the great cities, even in far Winnipeg, topping every building, save one, in that place.

I was fortunate in arriving in time to see the opening of the great national exhibition at Toronto. It has been

held now every season for many years, and the directors have shown extraordinary enterprise in the way of securing novelties for their entertainment. The agricultural department has receded somewhat into the background, and probably not one in a thousand of the visitors took the trouble to look at the cattle and horses, the pears and pumpkins, although the machinery hall and the manufactures, I must say, were well patronised. These departments are splendidly housed in huge permanent buildings, and one is greatly impressed by the products of Canadian skill and inventive genius therein displayed. Labour-saving machinery in a country where labour is scarce, hardly available indeed, is greatly prized, and a crowd of agriculturists will watch for a long stretch of time some machine for doing work which in our country is done by hand, or by some slow process. But the exhibition is really a great variety show. The side shows are of a very nondescript character, and should be swept away. In truth, however, the great centre of interest is the performance going on in front of the huge grand-stand—performing elephants, performing dogs, trotting horses, agile acrobats, Japanese dancers, and so forth, winding up each evening with a grand pyrotechnic scenic display—this year taking the form of the capture of Port Arthur by the Japs. Two items, however, in the programme were of a high order—the one was an exhibition by a large detachment of the Canadian Lancers or Cavalry, who appropriately performed the Lancers quadrille—a most delightful exercise; the other was the display by a detachment of the Naval Brigade brought up from Quebec from the British squadron visiting that port. I thought the way Jack handled his guns was magnificent, but one was considerably disappointed that so very little enthusiasm was displayed by the onlookers for the British sailors who defend the Empire. Even Prince Louis of Battenberg, while received with every mark of respect and civility, was not accorded the reception he would have had in any place in the mother-country. All sorts of explanations were given, one of which was that the Canadians don't know how to cheer, and it is undoubtedly the case that there is a strong strain of stolidity in the

average Canadian character. Whatever was the cause, the visit of the sailors of the Fleet was not a success. The behaviour of the sailors was all that could be desired. I should add that the situation of the arena of the sports, indeed of the whole exhibition grounds, was most lovely. The Canadians have a fine instinct for the picturesque, and the whole scene was like dreamland, so wonderfully beautiful were the surroundings of lake and wood.

Like the sailors, I took a day off to visit Niagara Falls. It takes four hours to sail across Lake Ontario. We started early in the morning, and had thus a long day. A gale of wind was blowing, and the water was decidedly rough. In half-an-hour you are out of sight of land. When the coast on the opposite side comes in view, the mouth of the great river Niagara is revealed in all its grandeur. It is a most perfect opening, reminding one of the entrance to the Cromarty Firth, though the cliffs are not so high. The river forms the boundary between Canada and the United States, the former on the right, the latter on the left hand. The steamer makes its first call at Niagara-on-the-Lake, on the Canadian side. There is here a handsome hotel, with beautiful grounds and a golf course. A fellow-passenger returning informed me that it was one of the most delightful places he had visited in Canada. His information came too late for me, and I mention it only for the benefit of others who may some day visit Niagara Falls. The scenery you pass through going up the river is most beautiful, in fact, it is the finest, the most picturesque river scenery one has passed through in one's trip. The river narrows to about a mile or so broad, and each bank has its own attractions, the Canadian side being the prettiest, the American the most populous. It has historical associations, for in the valley have been fought many fierce battles. Some passengers leave us at Queenston, with the view of proceeding up the Canadian side to the Falls, but the great majority are bound for the Gorge route on the American side, which is by far the most attractive. The Customs officer of the United States is in evidence once we leave the last port of call on the Canadian side. Each bag and basket has to be opened for his inspection. I was amused

at one old lady who, conscious of her own integrity, didn't see the necessity for opening her luncheon basket, assuring the officer that it contained sandwiches only. But it would not do, she had to turn out everything. In returning in the evening, the same lady had to open her basket to the Canadian officer for inspection, when she had to display the wrappings and fragments of the feast. These Customs examinations are a great trouble, but Niagara, it seems, is a side door for smuggling goods and for emigrants getting into the States in an irregular way. The steamer proceeds no further in United States territory than Lewiston, which consists of a hotel and half-a-dozen houses, and we land and take our places in the electric railway train or trolley which runs up to the Falls. It is for the most part a single line, with numerous sidings, and the driver hitches his train off and on to the sidings and round the sharp corners of the cliffs as if he were riding a bicycle in a crowded thoroughfare. On the one side are the sheer cliffs, hundreds of feet in height, on the other the rolling, roaring Lower Rapids. You are exposed to the perils of landslips on one side--no infrequent occurrence, and are only a foot or two from the edge of the abyss on the other. Everybody takes their chance quite unconcernedly. The river, as we proceed, becomes more and more turbulent, dashing and foaming in waves as high as those on the sea-beach in a north-east gale. The rush of the rapids for a mile or two is grand beyond description. Strangely enough, the nearer you approach to the cataracts the stream becomes smoother and smoother, until the surface merely heaves and swells without breaking into waves. Obviously the Falls have worked out the bottom into a chasm of immeasurable depth. The train transports you right into the town of Niagara. It is a pretty large place, with rows of streets and groups of hotels. You are besieged by all sorts of jehus offering to drive you to the various points, at, I must say, very reasonable rates.

People warn you that you may be disappointed with the Falls of Niagara. Disappointed! Why, one is simply enthralled. It exceeds all one's imagination a hundredfold. Its grandeur and magnificence as one of the world's

greatest sights is realised. The fascination of the scene grows more and more upon you the longer you gaze upon it. Two things greatly impressed me. The one was the superlative beauty of the scene. One was prepared for irresistible power, but not for the lovely combination of waterfall and wood, shrubs and plants, and grassy turf of the jutting headland between which the torrents fall. More striking, to my mind, even than the cataracts was the raging water above Niagara Bridge, waiting, as it were, its turn to get down the Falls. You distinctly realise that this great body of agitated, angry water stands above you, and your wonder is that it does not rush down upon you and sweep bridge and everything before it in its might and majesty. "How weak a thing is man!" in presence of such stupendous power. For hours one wanders from point to point. The tiny steamer, "Maid of the Mist," brings the visitor to the edge of the vortex of the cauldron, and on the Canadian side you pass between the descending sheet of water and the rock—both adventurous exploits. In truth, days and weeks could be enjoyably spent here. We got back to Toronto in the evening with the happiest recollections of the Gorge and Niagara and its Falls, and regard it as one of the most memorable experiences in our run through Canada, albeit on this occasion it was mainly in the United States.

One leaves Toronto with regret. It is the centre of literary culture in Canada, and is great in colleges, churches, and educational institutions of all kinds. One of the professors is a Mr Squair, from Nairn. I did not meet him, as his vacation holidays had not expired. The University and the local Parliament buildings are situated in beautiful grounds. The House was "up," and the students had not returned from the long vacation. One is allowed to go over all these places without any restraint, the young lady librarian even giving us permission to go through the library and look at the books—a privilege not accorded to students of the University. The floor and bookcases are of iron work, and are fireproof. No printed catalogue is in use, but a series of drawers in a bureau, alphabetically numbered, contains slips of all the books in

each division of literature. The student writes on a card the book he wants, and the lady, or her assistants, fetches it for him. Two or three lady students were the only readers in the reading-room, one of them—shall I mention it?—was sound asleep! I forgot to say that I travelled with Dr Kilpatrick and his family by the Lake steamer on the occasion of his removing from Winnipeg to take up a theological professorship in Knox College in Toronto, and I hear much is expected of him from his well known abilities. The United States colleges, with their greater wealth, are constantly draining the talent of the Canadian colleges. Toronto being the commercial capital of Ontario, the science of agriculture and of fruit growing receives great attention. The Provincial Government takes much interest in these matters, providing a well-staffed agricultural college, and a splendidly equipped experimental farm for the training of young men, granting them degrees which are much coveted. They also issue to the public "bulletins" or pamphlets, the results of experiments or study in almost every conceivable subject relating to these departments. The object is to form an intelligent agricultural system throughout Canada. The youth of the Province of Ontario, especially, have therefore every chance of success in professional careers. I met several people connected with Nairn. One young man, a distinguished student (Canadian born, however), got his first lessons from Miss Garden at Moyness School. Nairn Academy boys will be glad to learn that Ernest Miller, who went out with his mother and sister to Canada only a year ago, has got a good start on the surveying staff of the Canadian Pacific Railway. It may be useful to mention that he owed his selection for the appointment to his drawing. His brother also is getting on well. From all I could learn, a lad in the old country who takes a Leaving Certificate has a superior education to the generality of Canadian youths.

After all, it is the country and the ordinary life of its people one feels most interested in, and leaving the city and its institutions behind one day, we make an excursion into the country. The electric car took us to the city

limits, and we then transferred to what might be called a light railway. It ran along the side of a country road, not so wide as one of our county roads at home. The train consisted of a single carriage, and ran merrily up and down the braes, occasionally brushing against the trees overhead, and crossing and re-crossing on the single set of rails as the exigencies of travel required. If another train was approaching we made for a siding, or we backed half-a-mile for one, and thus let the incoming train pass. A cow grazing on the wrong side of the road takes one bite more before going clear. A dog runs ahead of the train for a mile or so, joyfully barking a welcome, as if our train was no better than a baker's van. Horses drawing their loads appear to be on familiar terms with the light railway, and take a look in at the windows to see how many passengers are going out this morning. The stations are models of economical management. With the exception of two out of a score of stations, there is neither stationmaster, ticket clerk, nor porter—in fact, nobody at all. The stations named on the company's time-table are simply the farm houses—each one from half-a-mile to a mile apart—opposite which the train stops if anybody wants in or out. The country is fertile and beautiful—like a bit of Morayshire, save that the clumps of wood are orchards and the crop unreaped patches of heavy-headed Indian corn. The farms, which are all owned by the farmers, are not large—from 100 to 150 acres in extent. It is more thickly populated than our rural districts at home. Ontario is old Canada—is really Canada. It is still the heart and brains—the centre of wealth, enterprise, and intelligence—of the great Dominion. Volumes could be written regarding its social life, so interesting and varied is it.

From Toronto to Montreal is a full day's railway run. The line passes through a good agricultural country, and the farm houses and buildings are of a substantial character, in striking contrast to the shacks and frame-houses we had seen in the North-West. The land has been mostly cleared, that is, brought under cultivation, but here and there, in odd corners of the fields, you see evidences of the extraordinary labour it must have cost to have accomplished



this work in the blackened stumps of the primeval forest trees. The breaking-in of prairie land is child's play to the herculean task of hewing down and uprooting these gigantic trees, and labouring the land that it might bring forth seed to the sower and bread to the eater. I might say much more than I have done as regards the agricultural conditions of various parts of Canada, but meanwhile one's remarks must be confined to the places one visits and the people one meets. Here in our carriage two imposing clerical dignitaries, with canonical garb and long-flowing beards, claim attention. We eventually make out that the one is a Bishop, the other an Archbishop, both from the North-West, bound for the Anglican Synod at Quebec. Making bold to enter into conversation with the lesser dignitary, we found he was the Bishop at Indian Head. We talked on all sorts of subjects, among others the work of that heroic noble-hearted man the late Archbishop Machray of Rupert's Land and Primate of All-Canada—whose life is about to be written by his nephew. I mentioned that Machray's name occurs in one of the earliest school-rolls of the Nairn Academy—he was a boarder with his uncle, who was the rector of the Academy at the time. The Bishop asked if he might be allowed to mention this fact to the Archbishop. A few minutes later Archbishop Mathieson and I were great friends. "I am greatly interested in what you have told me about my predecessor," he said, "but I am interested in Nairn for another reason—my grandmother came from Nairn"! The Archbishop mentioned that in the year 1810 his grandmother, whose maiden name was Catherine McGillivray, came out to Canada and married his grandfather, a Mathieson from Lochalsh. They were of course Presbyterians, but he (their grandchild) had been brought up in the household of Bishop Machray, and took orders in the Anglican Church. One could easily discern that the present Archbishop, like his predecessor, bears the stamp of the great missionary—zeal for the advancement of the work of his Master being paramount. It was touching to hear him relate how he had performed the last offices for a Nairn man, with whom I had been well acquainted. The

feeling of awe which I had at first felt for these church dignitaries gave place before we reached Montreal to genuine respect and liking.

My desire to have an opportunity of seeing the city of Montreal and its institutions on the return journey more fully was gratified. I spent several days in it, visiting the cathedrals, churches, public buildings, museums, golf-course, and other places of interest. Twice did we ascend Mount Royal, once by the elevator—a nerve-trying exploit—at another time by driving round by the Lodge garden, returning through the beautiful cemetery on one of the slopes of the mountain. The view from the top of Mount Royal is superb. It is nearly a thousand feet in height, and the plain on which the city is built, with its waterways, shipping, warehouses, docks, elevators, backed by palatial dwellings, domed cathedrals, tapering church spires, and all the streets and houses of a populous place, was revealed by the brilliant sunshine far down below, making a magical picture. Notre Dame and St James Cathedral are the most famous Roman Catholic ecclesiastical buildings. The Anglican Cathedral is also very beautiful, but for richness and luxuriousness, strange to tell, the Wesleyan Methodist Church, erected at an enormous cost, exceeds them all. On a Sunday morning the sound of the church bells ringing from the many churches—the multitudinous places of worship—is strangely impressive; but amid all the clang and pealing forth of bells, the chimes from the belfry of the American Presbyterian Church, playing the air of one of our most familiar hymns, is in the ascendant in this Roman Catholic city. These Americans—how clever they are!

Although the French-speaking people outnumber all other nationalities, the Scotch are in great force in the commercial concerns in the city. I had striking proof of this in the enormous attendance at the annual games in connection with the Caledonian Society. It was amusing to hear the Scotch tongue, in its various dialects, making itself heard at the sports, and the bagpipes playing, just as at the Nairn Games or Northern Meeting. It was Labour Day, and other nationalities had gone off in

organised excursions, so that only natives of old Scotland remained in the city to celebrate the annual meeting for Scottish sports. They were there in their thousands, old and young people, all enjoying the games, if one could judge by the shouts of approval which greeted each successful event. Still more manifest was the influential part taken in Montreal by the Scots, as it appeared at the banquet of the Caledonian Society, to which I had the honour of being invited. It happened to be the fiftieth anniversary of the Caledonian Society, and the celebration brought forth a large gathering of ladies and gentlemen. We sat down to the banquet at rather a late hour—namely 10.30!—but we made up for it by remaining till 2.25 a.m. ! It was a most brilliant affair, and there were many speeches, songs, and recitations. Naturally, the speeches were of a reminiscient character, and an interesting feature was the production of seven of the nine surviving founders of the Society fifty years ago ! The veterans sat in a row at the chairman's table, and were presented with congratulatory addresses. Several of them admitted being over ninety years of age, and none of them were much under eighty. I took a note from the programme of the names of these veterans—Alexander A. Stevenson, Charles Alexander, William McGibbon, Robert Barry, Hugh Cameron, William Cunningham, Hugh McIntosh, William Robb and William Smith—all prominent, indeed, several of them eminent citizens of Montreal. The Scots, it appears, get on remarkably well with the French-Canadians, and several of these latter made speeches enlarging on the important part played in the city of Montreal by the Scotch, and the agreeable relations which subsist between them and the predominant race. One French orator declared that he did not know a single enterprise—railways, shipping, banking, manufacturing—which was not in the hands of Scotchmen. My impression was that most of one's hosts were “kindly lowland Scots” (though one asked me if I knew any of his relations—the McHattie's of Fochabers), and the only gentleman in Highland garb was my Inverness friend, Mr Fraser, from Toronto. A clever speaker from the Province of Quebec—next to Laurier their best orator, I believe—

made a strong "young Canadian" speech, in which he spoke of Canada refusing to pay *tribute* to the mother-country, and indicating that the true policy was to set up for themselves as a distinct nation—sentiments which were not at all well received by the loyal Scots, and for some days the "First Citizen" of Quebec, as he was styled, caught it severely in the newspapers and had to explain away what he had said. The loyalty of Canada to Great Britain is very strong, especially among the Scottish element which forms so considerable a part of its population.

My visit has drawn to a close. On a bright moonlight night, just as the convent bells are ringing and the American chimes are playing, we drive down to the docks, where the "Lake Manitoba" is awaiting. We part with our good friends the Macnaughton's, who did so much to make our visit interesting, and next morning find ourselves half-way down the St Lawrence. We do not call at Quebec, but a few passengers come off by tender, and those who accompanied their friends down the river go ashore, and we are once more steaming down the Gulf of St Lawrence. We have a good passage across, the ship in a gale of wind is as steady as a rock, and we arrive in Liverpool on a Sunday evening, well within the time we calculated upon getting back from our trip through Canada.

At the end of the journey one naturally tries to sum up one's ideas of the country he has visited. The most vivid and abiding impression I have of Canada is the vastness of its territories. Maps do not show it. Figures do not represent it. Descriptions do not convey it adequately or sufficiently. It requires one to travel across the country to realize in any proper degree the magnitude, the magnificence of the Dominion of Canada. It is more than twenty-five times larger than the British Isles. Its mineral resources are beyond all estimate. Its forests of timber are almost inexhaustible. Its wheat belt, when fully occupied, will be sufficient to supply all the wants of Great Britain. It has great fisheries undeveloped. It affords a suitable outlet for our surplus population, and offers an attractive sphere for the enterprising and industrious youth of our country. May Canada prosper!